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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

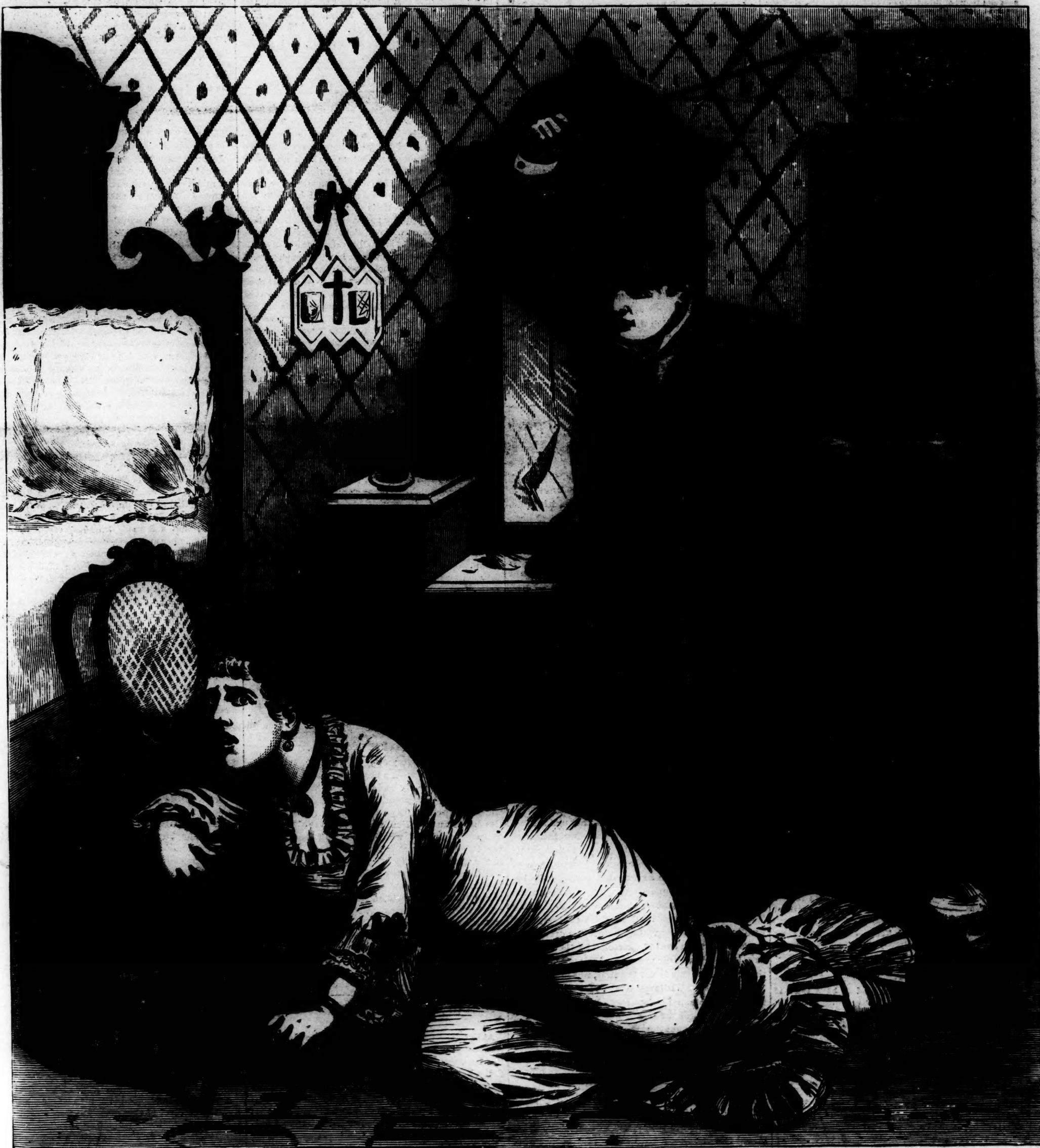
THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



AN INJURED WIFE'S UNEXPECTED VISITATION—HOW THE INDIGNANT SPOUSE OF A FESTIVE LIVERYMAN, OF WILLIAMSPORT, PA., HAVING TRACED HER HUSBAND'S AMOUR WITH MISS KATE WHITE, A LADY OF DAMAGED REPUTATION, DISGUISED HERSELF IN A SUIT OF HER UNFAITHFUL PARTNER'S CLOTHES AND DESCENDS ON THE GUILTY PAIR LIKE THE ASSYRIAN.—SEE PAGE 2.



# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1846

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1879.

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## To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals and items of interesting events from all parts of the United States. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, and more particularly photographs of parties who have made themselves notorious therein, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for. Articles of a personal nature cannot be inserted unless authenticated. Rejected MSS. will not be returned.

J. M., Fort Shaw, M. T.—Thanks for the attention.  
A. S., New Albany, Ind.—Matter is too far behind date.  
J. T. V., Richmond, O.—Much obliged, but it is not in our line.

T. W. H., Williamsport, Pa.—Shall be glad to have matters alluded to.

A. M. G., Kingston, N. Y.—Portraits will probably appear in our next.

SHERIFF PRICE, Pueblo, Col.—Sorry, but accept thanks for the endeavor.

J. L. R., Tazewell, Tenn.—Matter previously received from another source.

SUPERINTENDENT ADAMS, Boston, Mass.—Accept our thanks for the courtesy.

W. N., Weatherford, Texas.—Courtesy appreciated, but item previously received.

T. B., Parkersburg, W. Va.—Article appears with illustration. Further by mail.

L. N. W., Denver, Col.—We have not published either of the portraits alluded to.

J. W. G., Sedalia, Mo.—Portrait and sketch published; thanks for attention. Further by mail.

A. B. S., San Jose, Cal.—Portrait and account published. We are indebted for numerous courtesies.

G. N. S., Cahoka, Mo.—Portraits and other matters appear. Accept thanks for many favors.

H. L., West Point, Ga.—See item under "Vice's Varieties." Shall be glad to have you act for us.

A. N. S., Nashville, Tenn.—Thanks, but we had previously received account from another source.

HERALD PUBLISHING CO., Shenandoah, Pa.—Under obligations for courtesy, which is heartily appreciated.

CARROLL, Carrollton, Mo.—The matter is one of local interest only, and that of a very limited character.

O. E. H., Washington, D. C.—Much obliged, but the thing scarcely presents any appreciable point for illustration.

H. L. A., Galveston, Tex.—Will be glad to receive items of interest from you, which will be paid for at their value to us.

E. Y., Columbia, Tenn.—Matter will be attended to. Will communicate with you further by mail. Thanks for attention.

CORRESPONDENT, Memphis, Tenn.—We have no space for such incidents unless attended by peculiar circumstances, as this is not.

E. H. D., Seecoba, Miss.—Article will appear with illustration in our next. Please inform your news-dealers and others interested.

G. M. G., Detroit, Mich.—We do not engage regular correspondents as a rule. We simply accept and pay for matter at its value to us.

F. K. S., Waco, Texas.—Dramatic items appear this week; others under "Vice's Varieties;" thanks. Matter complained of will be attended to.

CHIEF LEARY, Marshall, Tex.—Sorry that the matter arrived too late for us to make use of. Acknowledge obligations for the attention all the same.

V. F. Larned, Kan.—Have not had time to look over the matter. Will do so at once and communicate with you by mail as to the value, if any, of the matter to us.

C. F. V., Atlanta, Ga.—Portrait published; account previously at hand from another source. Made an item of the occurrence in our preceding issue. Further by mail.

T. A. B., San Francisco, Cal.—Article will appear in our next. Send portraits if obtainable. Did not deem other matter of sufficient general interest to publish the portrait.

IAGO, Independence, Kansas.—Glad the matters were all right and took well. We try to be exact in such things. Other matters crowded out this week and will appear in our next. Thanks for numerous favors.

CORRESPONDENT, Collierville, Tenn.—Glad to hear from you again. Inclosed item already published. Please remember our notice to correspondents as to the impossibility of our using manuscript written on both sides of the paper.

LEVI, Shelbyville, Ind.—Will be glad to have them if obtained speedily, before the matter becomes a second-hand wonder. Remember to sign the *nomme-de-plume* always, as it might be forgotten in the multiplicity of our correspondence.

F. N., New York City.—Have no facilities for finding a customer to accept any of your astonishing and peculiar challenges to do things. Think you might perhaps find one by advertising in the daily papers, or by applying at the asylum for howling idiots.

OSCAR, New York City.—The robbery of the messenger of Manning, Howland & Luce, wool merchants, occurred on the stairway of the Tremont National Bank, February 12th, 1870. The property stolen consisted of \$2,700 in money and about \$10,000 in drafts. The robber, John Reul, was arrested by Patrolman Wallace, of the Second division. Sentenced to twelve years in the state prison, and escaped after about one and a half years' service.

## THE CLIMAX OF THE TRAMP ABSURDITY.

Of all the doleful spectacles ever heralded, and of all the absurdities ever perpetrated in the much-abused name of sport, the "woman's walking match," at Gilmore's Garden, was certainly the most doleful and the most absurd. The sight of eighteen females, most of whom were physically incapable of enduring even the fatigues which the average woman in ordinary life is called upon to undergo, attired in every conceivable style of fantastic vagary of costume, starting out with a serious profession of performing a feat that falls little short of an heroic labor for the most highly trained athlete of the stronger sex, was one of the most ludicrously solemn and painfully comic exhibitions in the history of human effort.

But though this was the aspect of the start, the conclusion bore far more of the tragic than the humorous, ridiculous as the business was as a whole. Of the eighteen mettlesome starters who panted to be off, only five showed up "under the string" at the finish. The rest had dropped by the wayside in the toilsome journey, one of them "pegging out" within two or three hours after setting forth, another a few hours later and the rest following at frequent intervals up to the fifth day, fainting, crippled, crazed, at least one probably mortally injured, and all more or less seriously broken by the terrible strain. And herein the grave feature of the wretched business forces itself on our attention, and presents a point for serious consideration which not even its ludicrous element, the ridiculous failures of the majority of the contestants in endeavoring to enter into a rivalry of masculine muscle and endurance for which Nature has eminently unfitted their sex, the roaring farce into which the contest was turned by the exhibition of the very feminine characteristics of some of the performers, their unconcealed jealousy and open spiteful manifestations toward each other, their attempts to "slap" the faces of hated rivals, can relieve of its more sombre appearance. It is the cruelty that is manifest in the exhibition, and it is hardly questionable whether it is not quite as much within the province of the authorities to forbid such as it is to interfere in regard to the performances of the trapeze people or any of the other hazardous feats exhibited in public by professionals, over which the law has seen fit to exercise a prohibitory or modifying control on frequent occasions in this country.

There is certainly more cruelty, and, as the result has shown, far more risk of life and health in one such performance as that at Gilmore's Garden, than in years of all the extra-hazardous business ever exhibited in America. Most decidedly, with the attendant pathetic circumstances of the complete break-down of their health which some of these poor women have sustained, animated by a wild hope of bettering a desperate condition by an attempt to execute a task for which they were utterly disqualified, it is a far more painful one. Fortunately it is probable that the thing has been killed by its own absurdity, and it is not likely that it will pay any one soon again to ask the patronage of the public for such an exhibition, but should the cupidity of any manager attempt to coin money out of the sufferings of necessitated women, it is to be devoutly hoped that the authorities may see their way clear to prevent such a disgrace upon our city and our century.

## TRIALS OF THE GREAT CLUBBER.

In another column we publish an account of the midnight stroll of a reporter, under official guidance, through Captain Williams' "model" Twenty-ninth precinct, and of the evidence gathered therein which has special interest at present in connection with the trial of the heroic clubber for conduct unbecoming an officer, now in progress. The latest characteristic bit of brutality which has caused this arraignment, namely, the dastardly beating of a gentleman in Gilmore's Garden during the international walking match, because he happened to exercise the undeniable right of expressing the universal detestation of the fellow by a hiss, is still fresh in the public mind. It is worthy of note, out of a multitude of similar or even more aggravated cases, only because it happened to be perpetrated under circumstances calculated to bring Williams' brutality and insolent contempt for public opinion more vividly before the eyes of the community than could be effected by the reading, in cold blood, of a dozen such instances. Hence the trial. But this is not the first, nor is it likely to be the last of Williams' trials. He was long ago tried and convicted before the tribunal of public opinion of utter unfitness for his position and after the conviction that we have a right to expect will follow this present trial others are in store for him from which even the fortune he boasts of having made in his captaincy may not save him.

## GIVE THE YOUNG MAN A CHANCE.

Certainly a father has a perfect right to object to an objectionable suitor, but now that the knot is tied fast enough, a good many very respectable Connecticut people are inclined to think that their Governor Hubbard is mad away over the necessities of the case, provided he has nothing else in

particular to allege against his newly made son-in-law than the fact that he is or was a coachman, seeing that, first, this is a so-called Republican land of liberty, fraternity and equality; second, that the difference in the rank which forms such an inseparable barrier, in the eyes of the Governor, to the union of his daughter and his coachman, is altogether created by his fellow citizens, through their suffrages, of which the suffrage of his son-in-law is as good as that of any other free and independent voter, and third, because, once upon a time, Governor Hubbard was a farmer's apprentice and a coachman himself, though not quite so stylish and taking a one, perhaps, as young Sheppard.

And really we are inclined to see it in the same light ourselves.

## AN AMENDE.

In our issue of January 18th, last, we published an article and an illustration which did a grave injustice to Mr. Isaac T. Smith, a prominent banker of this city, and a gentleman of unimpeachable standing.

In announcing this fact, we gladly make all possible amende for the injury unwittingly done to an estimable gentleman, an error into which we were led by an over-hasty reliance upon a supposed trustworthy authority.

We sincerely regret the occurrence, and proffer him our apology therefor.

## An Injured Wife's Unexpected Visitation.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., April 1.—Located on a prominent street in this city is a notorious house of ill-repute kept by an abandoned woman known as Miss Kate White. Among her visitors has been numbered a well-known liverman, who is reputed to have been her favored admirer. In fact, he was alleged to have occupied the position of fast friend and lover to the festive proprietress. He is a married man, however, and, though he appears to have conducted his unlawful amour in comparative quiet and security for some time, a knowledge of it finally reached the ears of his wife in the mysterious manner in which such wicked doings sooner or later surely reach the ears of those from whom the guilty parties have most urgent need to keep them secret. The injured wife thenceforward kept such a keen watch upon the movements of her guilty spouse as only the eyes of jealousy can inspire. She was for some time, however, unable to catch him "dead to rights," and as she was determined to make no movement until she could do so, she bided her time until a favorable opportunity should present itself. That opportunity was before her on the night of the 24th ult., when she obtained the most undoubted evidence that he had repaired to the abode of his inamorata, upon some plausible excuse for his absence, which his wife received demurely and with not an observable trace of suspicion.

As soon as he had gone out she hurriedly donned a suit of her husband's clothes, and, arming herself with a heavy carriage whip, waited a short interval that the trap might be more completely sprung, and then started forth, burning with revengeful vigor upon her mission of destruction and dismay. Entering the house of the woman upon some readily passable pretext, she quickly found her way to the room occupied by the guilty pair, discovered abundant evidence, if any had been wanting, to confirm her suspicions of her husband's infidelity, and at once set about righting her wrongs in her own way. Before either of the two could recognize their disguised and unceremonious caller or realize what it was all about, she had felled the woman to the floor with the heavy butt-end of the whip, and alternated her blows between the prostrate figure and the fragile part of the furniture, in a manner severely painful to the one and utterly destructive to the other. She did not cease her efforts in that direction until the entrance of the police officers, who had been attracted thither by the row, put a stop to the proceedings by the arrest of the whole party.

## Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

We present this week a handsome portrait of Miss Effie Latour, a pretty and gracefully formed young burlesque artist of promising talent and rising fame, who has figured quite prominently in various capacities on the metropolitan stage within the last three or four years, and who will be particularly remembered by New Yorkers as one of the leading characters in the spectacular play of "Baba," in the costume of which she is represented in the portrait, as produced at Niblo's some two and a half years since. This lady is only eighteen years old, and her form is so petite that one is always wondering whether she will grow into womanhood, and she has the practical qualities which make her as good a manager as she is an actress. At the National Theatre, now the Globe, she played the part of *Etica Harris* and *Mrs. St. Clair* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At present she is disengaged and is writing a play in which she will assume the principal part.

## Matias Espinosa, a Fugitive California Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

At Guadalupe Mines, in Santa Clara county, Cal., some months since, Matias Espinosa, a Spaniard, was in a bar-room, where he got into a dispute with one Kelly, both being under the influence of liquor. The disputants were separated and Espinosa went away but afterwards returned, and, as Kelly stood against the wall, drew a pistol and shot him in the head, from the effects of which he died a few hours later. A constable, named Jobert, was in the room at the time, but was deterred from arresting the murderer through fear of a rescue by his friends. Espinosa then coolly walked out of the saloon and has not been heard from since. He has the reputation of being a

very desperate character. It is supposed that he will make his way to Mexico. Detective A. B. Singleton, of San Jose, Cal., requests that he be arrested on sight, and the fact communicated to him by telegraph. He gives the following description of the fugitive, and his portrait is given on another page: Height five feet five or six inches, weight, 130 to 140 pounds, age twenty-five years, complexion, medium dark, high cheek bones, full forehead, hair, dark brown, parts on left side, and is inclined to curl when long, slim built, very erect when walking, small mustache and imperial, will be easily recognized by the picture.

## Painful Revelation in a Terrible Tragedy.

COLUMBIA, Mo., March 29.—The authorities not being satisfied with the examination held over the body of Miss Rowland before burial by J. W. Hersman, Justice of the Peace, yesterday, W. H. Allen, coroner, of this place, accompanied by Dr. A. W. McAlister, Professor of Surgery in the University, and J. C. Schwabe, constable, made a trip to Bethlehem Church for the purpose of holding a second inquest. Having summoned witnesses and a jury, and the body being exhumed and placed in the church, a post mortem examination was made by Drs. McAlister, Haller, Lewis and Tolson, which resulted in bringing to light the fact that the young lady at the time of her death was *enervate*. The stomach showed strange traces of poison. The examination was concluded, the coffin containing the remains was reinterred. The stomach was brought to this place, where the proper chemical tests for poison can be made by the University chemist, Professor Paul Schweitzer. The prevailing impression now seems to be that criminal intimacy existed between the girl and her uncle, and the suicide was a pre-arranged plan between them—he to die by the pistol and she by the poison—her plan resulting in death, and his in a wound that must eventually result fatally.

## Hugh Dunning, Victim of a Cowardly Assassination.

[With Portrait.]

In our preceding issue we published a brief account of the cowardly murder of Mr. Hugh Dunning, a prominent Georgia planter, which occurred in the suburbs of Atlanta, Ga., within five miles of his residence. He was found in an unconscious and dying condition, with his head terribly beaten, at an early hour on Sunday morning, 23rd ult., and it is supposed that he was attacked on his way home at a late hour on Saturday night, as he had been in the city on business that day, and he was believed to have had a considerable sum of money in his possession which had excited the cupidity of the assassin. He died soon after being removed to his home. The bloody deed was at first thought to have been the work of tramps, but subsequent developments directed suspicion to a negro named Randall, who had had a quarrel with Mr. Dunning, and is said to have made threats subsequently of "getting even" with him. He was arrested, and will be examined on the charge. A portrait of the unfortunate gentleman is given elsewhere.

## R. D. Chase, Alias Rufus Polk, Alleged Bigamist.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we give a portrait of R. D. Chase, alias Rufus Pope, alias D. R. Polk, who was arrested in Sedalia, Mo., on the 26th ult., and taken back to Lincoln, Neb., whence he came, on a charge of bigamy. He had established himself in Sedalia under the name of D. R. Polk, as an architect and superintendent, and had made himself conspicuous as a church member and temperance advocate, but for all that proved himself, according to the allegations against him, a very mean specimen of a scoundrel. He is charged with having married and afterwards deserted in the most heartless manner, at least two highly respectable ladies, one of them the daughter of a Methodist minister. After his arrest he attempted to screen himself from his crime by declaring that his marriage to one of his victims was all a sham. He did not, however, explain the occasion for his numerous aliases and sudden immigrations, and there is a strong probability that he will get his deserts in the Nebraska courts.

## Ex-Rev. Thos. B. Newby, Alleged Clerical Lothario.

[With Portrait.]

We published a few weeks since a detailed account at considerable length, of the alleged bigamous transactions and other improper games in the Lothario line of the alleged Reverend Thomas B. Newby, recently rector of St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church of Lambertville, N. J., from which position he was deposed by the bishop of New Jersey by reason of said funny business. Much of the revelations as to the anything but ministerial conduct of the alleged reverend, came out in the testimony of his injured wife before the vestry of the church, which she was driven unwillingly, but in self-defense to give. It was very conclusive, however. The vestry, however, declined to hear Detective James Boyd who had very effectually worked up the case for Mrs. Newby.

On another page we present an authentic portrait of this alleged reverend person.

## Edward O'Boyle, One of the Shandley Assassins.

[With Portrait.]

We give, elsewhere, a portrait of Edward O'Boyle, the Chicago thug, now in jail in that city awaiting trial for complicity in the cruel murder of old Shandley, in the streets of that city, on the night of the 20th of August last, for participation in which Joseph Crawford, whose portrait we gave last week, is now in Joliet penitentiary under seventeen years' sentence. It is generally believed that it was O'Boyle who fired the fatal shot.

A postal-card addressed to a man at Bloomington, Ky., was received at that office the other day, upon the back of which was printed an advertisement calling attention to a rare opportunity for a young man of "energy, enterprise and integrity." It was sent back with this indorsement of the postmaster: "Try Bloomington, Ind. Neither side of this card will fit any man here."



## PLUCKY PUGILISTS.

Game Contest of 136 Rounds and Over Two Hours Duration Between Arthur Chambers and John Clark

IN THE QUEEN'S DOMINION,

Where the Light-Weight Championship of America was Decided in Favor of Chambers, After

A STUBBORN BUT ONE-SIDED FIGHT.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

Contrary to general expectation, the big prize fight between Arthur Chambers and John H. Clark was fought out, on the 27th ult., on Navy Island, on the Canada side, opposite Buffalo, N. Y. The pugilistic excursionists left Erie at an early hour. A quarrel had occurred between the contending factions and it was telegraphed that the fight would not take place. Whether this was a blind to keep off the police is not known. The entire party proceeded to the spot at an early hour, and after the details had been attended the Philadelphia pugilists toed the scratch and got to work for the \$2,000 purse and the light-weight championship of America. The conditions were that the men should weigh 128 pounds or under. Clark was in a New Jersey jail for eighteen months for being one of the principals in the Weeden and Walker fatal fight. After his discharge he went to boxing and boastingly remarked he would fight any man for any money less than \$1,000, and 130 pounds weight. Billy Edwards took up the challenge in behalf of an "Unknown," and Clark went into training. Then came the arrest, trial and acquittal of Chambers, Clark and King on the charge of conspiring to fight a prize battle, and then for a time there was lethargy with the fistie fraternity. Finally Chambers was named as the "Unknown," and the fight was

ARRANGED TO TAKE PLACE IN CANADA.

The place selected was at the end of a lane on the Willow Bay Hotel and farm land, occupied by a full-blooded Kanuck named Forsyth. He made no objections to the occupancy of his ground, and it would not have availed him to have done so, because the boys had determined that the fight should come off there.

As soon as the tug-boat containing them landed, Chambers ran up and shed his castor into the ring, amid applause. Clark ran after him and was not a second late. He was well received. The crowd about the ring only numbered about seventy people.

Clark named his seconds Harry Hicken and Tom McDermott, and for his judge, Frank Gormly. Chambers named Billy Edwards and Joe Goss as his seconds, with Doc. Talman, of Gotham, as judge. Twenty minutes were wasted in an endeavor to secure a referee, when at last Dan Muntz, of Buffalo, consented to act.

The ring had been pitched so as to have east and west corners, the latter being occupied by Chambers when he first entered. It stood on a slight elevation and was better ground than the other. In tossing Clark won the choice, but Harry Hicken, tearing the sun might shine, held the old corner, which was

A DISADVANTAGE AT THE START.

After an hour and a half's work it was easily seen that Clark could not win unless by some accident. He came up slowly, and made no show of hitting with any effect, but merely defended himself as best he could. Chambers got in some good ones on him, and cut Clark's right eye and swelled his nose to double its usual size. Johnny came up weak and groggy, only to be knocked down by Chambers.

The crowd began to tire of the sport and the long-standing feud which had existed between the men, and which caused the appeal to arms, was about to be settled. It was a pitiable sight to see Clark come up, make a show of fight, and then either drop to avoid punishment, or else be knocked down by a stunning blow.

On the 133rd round Clark was carried up to the scratch. He raised his hands and received a right-hander on the breast, which sent him to his corner doubled up. Harry Hicken, Clark's second, then threw up the sponge.

"Ha, ha! he gives it up," cried Billy Edwards. "No, he don't, either," replied Clark; "I won't have it."

He then came up for the 134th time, was sent back with a light blow, and showed himself for the 135th, but

DROPPED BEFORE HE WAS HIT.

He was now so weak he could scarcely stand, and the crowd asked him to give up. He tried it just once more, and the 136th and last round was fought, Chambers giving the half-dead man a tremendous blow on the nose, which sent him reeling to his corner.

Tom McDermott now declared that Clark must stop, or he would not second him. Johnny refused to give in, preferring to die game; but no one wanted him to die, as this was the very point to be avoided.

Hicken again tossed up the sponge, but Clark raised himself out of his chair and stood up for the 137th round. Chambers advanced to the scratch, folded his arms, and said, "Johnny, if you've had enough I'll give you fifty dollars and quit."

"Arthur, do you mean it?" said Clark; "I'll do nothing of the kind. I'm going to fight."

The man's mind seemed dazed from the punishment he had received.

Joe Goss then stepped up and said: "I'll make it a hundred for Arthur."

Clark still refused, but his seconds and the crowd persuaded him to accept the offer, and Arthur said to him:

"Quit and I'll give you \$100 and spar for your benefit." Clark accepted the generous offer of his opponent, they shook hands and the fight was de-

clared for Chambers, his fifteenth victory out of sixteen encounters. The battle lasted two hours and twenty-three minutes.

The fight was a very fair one and the referee was entirely impartial. Arthur received very little punishment comparatively, and

WALKED TO THE BOAT UNAIDED.

Clark's body was badly bruised and his face was considerably swollen. The party returned to Buffalo at half past two, leaving the tug at Black Rock, where Chambers made his headquarters. They then dispersed and came to town in squads.

On the night of the 31st, at the Grand Central Theatre, in Philadelphia, the stakeholder formally turned over to Arthur Chambers, the winner of the recent prize fight with John Clark, the money to which he is entitled by the result of the contest.

Both men, together with Billy Edwards, Harry Hicken, Frank Gormley and a number of lesser lights of the sporting fraternity, were present on the stage of the theatre. After the usual theatrical and variety performance was over, Manager Gilmore came forward and introduced to the crowded house Arthur Chambers. He then read the official decision of the referee and counted out \$2,000, which he gave to Chambers.

A sparring exhibition then took place, participated in by a number of local sparsers, and afterward by Billy Edwards and Harry Hicken, and Arthur Chambers and John Clark.

Chambers made a little speech, in which he declared that under no circumstances will he ever again enter the ring. He had fought fifteen battles, and had now made up his mind to accept no more challenges.

## Shocking Tragedy in England.

LONDON, April 1.—Catharine Webb, now called Webster, who was arrested in Ireland on the 28th ult., for the murder, near Richmond, of her mistress, Mrs. Thomas, fragments of whose remains, wrapped in paper and placed in a small pine box, were found floating in the Thames, near Barnes terrace, Barnes, on the 5th ult., was arraigned at Richmond yesterday for preliminary examination. According to her statement to the detectives, Mrs. Thomas was murdered by a man named Church, while she (Webster) was temporarily absent. On her return to the house, Church, by threats, compelled her to silence and to help him in disposing of the body and in removing the valuables. Everything but the furniture had been taken away from the house. They had a wagon at the door to take the furniture also, but the landlady, residing next door, interfered and inquired where Mrs. Thomas was. Thereupon she (Webster) decamped to Ireland, agreeing with Church that they would go to America together as soon as he was ready.

Church is the keeper of a beer house in Hammer-smith, a man of family, and heretofore of good character. Prior to his arrest, which was effected after Miss Webster's statement, he had given the police all the aid and information he possessed about Miss Webster's behavior and whereabouts. The circumstances under which Miss Webster made away with the remains of Mrs. Thomas indicate that her charge against Church is partly or wholly false. Both prisoners were remanded, and the examination was adjourned to April 9.

On March 10, Mr. G. F. Hall, coroner for the Western Division of Surrey, conducted an inquest at the Red Lion Inn, Barnes. Henry Wheatley testified to the finding of the body.

"I am," he said, "a coal porter, and live at Mortlake. On the 5th of this month I found the box as I was driving along in a cart close to the river bank at quarter before seven o'clock in the morning. It was seven yards from the shore, and the tide was ebbing from the trunk, which was stationary. I went into the water and pulled it ashore. I found that it was tied with stout tow-line, keeping the lid down, for it was not locked. There were no marks or address upon it. When I untied the string the box fell to pieces, and I saw the remains wrapped in pieces of brown paper. At the time I found the box I was merely passing casually on my ordinary business."

Dr. Adams said: "I practiced at Barnes. On the night of the 5th of this month, I was called by Sergeant Giles to the bank of the river at Barnes Terrace. I found the remains there in a rough deal box. On examination, I found them to be the trunk and other parts of a woman. The heart was in the cavity of the chest, and the right shoulder was attached to the trunk. The upper part of the arm, which was perfect down to the elbow, was detached. The head was gone."

"I should say death took place about a week previously, and the remains had probably been in the water for two days. The woman, I should think, was between eighteen and thirty years of age, and five feet four inches in height. She had dark hair. The fractures of the bones were made after death, and very unskillfully. Bad and blunt instruments had been used to make them. The mutilation must have been a work of time. I could see no marks on the body that could have caused death, or that could have been made while the woman was alive."

As there were no witnesses, the inquest was adjourned to allow the police time to make an investigation.

## Captain Alderson, of the Coal and Iron Police.

[With Portrait.]

We present on another page a handsome portrait of Captain Thomas Alderson, of Shamokin, Pa., a well-known and most efficient officer of the Coal and Iron Police of the Pennsylvania coal region. Captain Alderson distinguished himself highly by the part he took in the extinction of the Mollie Maguire assassin clan, rendering inestimable service throughout the dark and dangerous days of their murderous terrorism in that section. Next to Captain Linden he is probably the best known officer in that hazardous service and report in all quarters gives him the reputation of being one of the most daring and intrepid officers connected with it, one who, in the popular phraseology, "fears neither man nor devil."

## UNAPPRECIATIVE PATIENTS.

Odd Scenes in a Police Station on the Vaccination of the Tramps, to Which They Unwillingly Submit, as a Necessary Condition for a Night's Lodging.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The physicians connected with the Health Department in this city began, on the evening of the 27th ult., extensive vaccinating operations upon the tramps and stragglers that find their nightly lodgings in the police stations of the city. They were particularly incited to this action by the fact that recently small-pox was discovered in Albany among just this class of people, and it was thought proper to take all precautions against a similar occurrence here. The stations below Twentieth street were selected for last night's operations because they nightly lodge the greatest number of tramps. That in Oak street lodges the most. There were seventy-two men and women lying on the raised planks at eight o'clock on the evening in question, when Drs. T. W. P. Flinn and E. L. Pardee made their appearance, armed with their keen little lancets and little bundles of quills, or "points," containing the vaccine matter. Dr. Pardee collects this matter weekly from heifers from six months to a year old, and care is taken to get none but the purest matter. At the order given them to go down-stairs and be vaccinated, there arose a universal

GROWL FROM THE DILAPIDATED PATIENTS.

Not one of them but would have much preferred to lie on his individual board and rest, taking his chances of small-pox, to making the effort of getting up and going down. But a sharp word or two from the officer hastened them, and they straggled down.

"I don't want to be vaccinated," said a big, gray-headed man. "I had the small-pox when I was four years old. I can't take it again."

"Never mind," said Dr. Flinn, "up with your left sleeve. It won't do you any harm to be vaccinated."

So the tramps, and very tough specimens they all seemed to be, too, with much growling displayed their left arms. It was not a pleasant exhibition. A few were white and clean, to be sure, but the most of them were anything else. Most of them were muscular, and looked able to do a hard day's work. Not a few were ornamented with elaborate devices in India ink, for Oak street station lodges nightly many seafaring men. One of these was an old mad-of-war's-man, a stalwart man with iron-gray hair and side whiskers. He wore the blue uniform that is nightly seen on board the "Pinafore," but on his brimless cap was the word "Pourtsmouth." He would have, in appearance, been an acquisition to any "Pinafore" company, and a little making up would have transformed him into

AN EXCELLENT DICK DEADEYE.

He had evidently been on a protracted frolic, and, out of money, had been brought up for a night's lodging in the station-house. He did not seem to relish his situation. But the most of the men were of that class that ornament the Park benches in fair weather by night and by day.

Seizing an arm, the physicians made light cuts with their lancets, just drawing the blood. Then a point was rubbed over the little wound until the blood had washed off the vaccine matter, and the job was done. One point was used on each arm. The lancet was carefully wiped after each operation.

"We are very careful about this," said Dr. Pardee. "These people are so apt to be diseased that it is necessary to be very careful."

The men said little during the operation, and each shuffled off as soon as released.

"It's no use to vaccinate me," said one stalwart fellow. "I'm an old sailor, and can't catch the small-pox, anyway. Oh, I ain't afraid of the cutting. Hell, no. You may run that little knife into me an inch, if you want to. I've had too many cuts on me to mind that. It hurt too much to put these on my arms to mind this," and he pointed to two elaborate India ink designs, one on each arm. One represented a tomb, on which leaned a man in an attitude of great grief, and over which a willow tree waved; the other represented a ship, full rigged, with every sail set, bearing the Stars and Stripes in red and blue.

Forty-eight men were vaccinated in less than half an hour. Then the

WOMEN WERE ORDERED DOWN-STAIRS.

At the order a great outcry arose, to which the protests of the men were weak. They had been vaccinated; they were too old; they had been vaccinated in Ireland with the pure stuff, no mixture. "I don't want any nigger vaccination on me," said one, and the general idea was that the matter had been taken from human subjects. Their protests were unavailing, and they were marched down stairs. Here some of them rebelled vigorously. "Then leave the house," said the officer. "If you stay you must be vaccinated." This threat brought some of them to terms, but two or three went out, swearing savagely.

One woman had a chubby little boy with her. "Has the baby been vaccinated?" asked Dr. Flinn. "Yis sor," said the mother, stripping the little fat arm, and showing a nice mark. "Dr. Ward vaccinated him only a bit ago." Some of the women tried to wipe off the matter as soon as it was applied; others screamed when they felt the scratch of the knife, and all talked volubly all the time. Twenty-seven were vaccinated in short order, the whole seventy-five being treated in less than fifty minutes. "We shall make the rounds of all the stations," said Dr. Flinn, "until we are finished. Of course we shall miss a good many, for they are continually changing, but we shall vaccinate some hundreds before we are through."

## The Murder of the Spencer Family.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

In Clark county, Mo., on the night of August 3rd, 1877, Lewis Spencer, a farmer, and his four children, two young girls and two boys, were cruelly murdered by an unknown assassin, and the house robbed of a large sum of money. The terrible tragedy created the most intense excitement at the time, and though

for a long time all efforts to obtain a solution to the terrible mystery proved futile, matters remained fresh in the public mind, and no efforts were spared to ferret out the crime. Finally, on February 24th last, upon information filed by Detective Lane, who had been working up the case, W. J. Young, a well-to-do farmer, owning one thousand acres of land in Clark county, besides considerable property in Luray, in the same county, but bearing an unenviable reputation, was arrested on suspicion. He had been suspected at the time of the murder, but no definite facts, sufficient to implicate him, could be obtained. During his recent preliminary examination at Luray, most important evidence, which can scarcely fail to convict him, unless it can be broken down, was given by Mrs. Laura Sprouse, Young's house-keeper and alleged mistress. She swore that Young had told her, on the night of the murder, that he was going to rob Spencer. He left home that night and returned next morning and changed his clothes. Subsequently, she declared, he had acknowledged committing the murder, relating the full details of the crime, and also told her of three murders he had committed; she said he offered her \$1,000 to swear that she slept with him on the night of the murder, should he ever be arrested for it, and that he threatened to kill her if she ever testified against him. In spite of this strong testimony, however, the community seems to be somewhat divided on the question of Young's guilt, some professing to believe it a conspiracy. The examination closed on the 26th ult., and Young is now confined in the Clark county jail at Cahoka. Circuit court opens on the 7th, and Young professes to be very anxious for a trial. His case will come before the grand jury, but is not likely to be tried at this term of court.

Lewis Spencer was forty-six years of age at the time of his murder. Of the other victims, his daughters Alice and Jane, were aged twenty-one and eighteen years, respectively, Willis, one of the sons, eleven, and Charles, the other son, seven years. Portraits of the murdered man, the daughters, William J. Young, the accused, and Mrs. Sprouse, the accusing witness, as well as accurate drawings of the Spencer house and stable, in which the terrible deed of blood was committed, are given on another page.

## AH SIN'S SIN.

Demoralizing Effect of a Residence in the Voluptuous French Capital Upon the Mind of a Guileless Heathen.

John Chinaman, like the monkey, is an imitative "cuss." His latest effort at emulation of what Mr. Denis Kearney would call the superior race, comes to us from Paris. A disciple of Confucius has been before the authorities of that gay city on a charge of seduction.

Mons. P— had a Chinese servant, a wail who had been picked up by a Parisian priest as a mere boy. The worthy cure, after doing his best to make a Christian of his protegee by baptizing him, recommended him to Mr. P—, who is a member of his flock.

Mr. P— had a daughter, the illegitimate offspring of a former chambermaid of his wife. Her mother was dead, and her father's spouse, with a generosity singular in woman, forgave the crime; she represented and treated her as her own child.

Angelina was scarcely thirteen, and as pretty as a wax doll. Antony, as the Mongol mental had been christened, labored under the impression that he was seventeen years old.

He was old enough, at any rate, to be SMITTEN BY ANGELINA'S CHARMES. Less firm than his patron saint, he succumbed to temptation. One day he upset a vase from a mantel and a key dropped out. It was the open sesame to the room in which Mme. P— was accustomed to lock the girl out of harm's way when she herself had to go out. Angelina was in the room at the time.

A year later the girl became pregnant.

Exactly five minutes after he found it out her father proceeded to add more bumps to the Chinaman's phrenology than even Professor Fowler could find names for. Antony, in a very brief space, was as badly mauled a specimen of the Mongol race as ever escaped from a powder mill explosion. The noise of the row brought in the police and all hands were arrested.

"Are you guilty," demanded the Judge, severely, when Mons. P— had related his tale of woe, "or not guilty?"

Antony allowed in the choicest Pigeon French that he was guilty as far as being the father of Angelina's prospective child was concerned. He declined to consider the sin a very heinous one though, and professed himself willing to make

EVERY REPARATION IN HIS POWER.

"Reparation!" screamed the wrathful father. "What reparation can you make, you saffron ruffian?"

"I will marry the young lady," responded Antony, blandly.

"Marry her!" yelled Mons. P—.

"And legitimize the child."

Four officers held the foaming parent down while the judge explained that this offer was a perfectly legal and fair one and entitled the prisoner to release, unless a specific charge of seduction was preferred against him.

"Then I prefer it," roared Mons. P— "I charge him with seducing my daughter."

"But he didn't, pa," mildly interpolated the modest Angelina. "I assure you, it wasn't his fault at all."

"Silence, thou shameless one. I say he did, and I ought to know more about it than you. Am I not your father?"

And he proceeded to prefer the charge. As the girl refused to support, the child-like and bland Antony was discharged. Once in the street his father-in-law, by brevet, undertook to indemnify his outraged honor on his person. Both fought till they pounded one another senseless and were carried to a hospital.

They are there yet, and Angelina's baby is still in want of name.

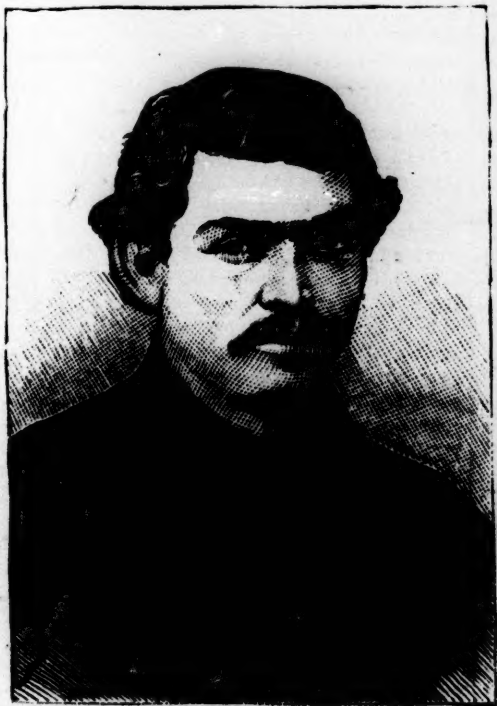


## A Dream of Suicide Realized.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The young wife of William Schwartz of 61 Elizabeth street, just before her death in June last called her husband to her bed-side and told him that she had dreamed of entering their bed-room to call him to breakfast, and finding him dead on the floor, with blood streaming from a wound in his temple, and a pistol near his right hand. She gave a graphic account of her dream, and he was much impressed by it.

"He was lying," said she, to a friend, "upon his back, partially dressed, in front of the mirror. His



MATIAS ESPINOSA, WANTED AT SAN JOSE, CAL., FOR THE MURDER OF KELLY, IN SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CAL.

white shirt bosom was bespattered with blood, and a pool of blood surrounded his head on the floor. The pistol was near his right hand."

Schwartz became despondent after her death, and often spoke of her strange dream. On the morning of the 26th ult., his housekeeper, Dora Stoltz, went to his room, the same in which his wife had died, to call him to breakfast. She found him before the mirror, brushing his hair from his temples. He was partially dressed, having on his trousers and slippers, and a spotless white shirt. She asked him if he was dressing to make a call. He replied that he would go down to the breakfast-table after a little while. A few minutes afterward, the report of a pistol was heard in his room. On opening the door the house-



A DREAM OF SUICIDE REALIZED—WILLIAM SCHWARTZ'S ACT OF SELF-DESTRUCTION, FROM DESPONDENCY AT THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE, NEW YORK CITY.

hold found Schwartz lying on his back. His white shirt front was spattered with blood. A bullet hole was in his right temple, from which the blood was flowing, and a revolver was lying near his right hand. All was as Mrs. Schwartz had dreamed.

## Suicide of a Congressman.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 29.—The American's Lebanon special says: This community was greatly shocked at noon to-day by the rumor that Hon. Y.

Riddle, recently representative to Congress from this district, had committed suicide. Investigation developed the fact that he had shot himself in the head, inflicting a mortal wound. For several months he has been in very bad health. Last winter he was compelled to leave Washington before the adjournment of Congress, on account of his physical condition, and there were rumors at the time that his mind was affected. Since his return home he has been unwell most of the time, notwithstanding the fact that, for some time past, he has been able to appear on the streets. In addition to his illness he had recently become financially embarrassed in consequence of large security debts. He was on the square to-day, and



KNOX MARTIN, EXECUTED AT NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH 28, FOR THE MURDER OF THE WITTEMMEIER FAMILY AT BALL'S BEND.

conversed rationally with several friends, although apparently mentally depressed. At eleven o'clock he borrowed a small cartridge pistol from an acquaintance, saying he anticipated a personal difficulty, went to his residence, stepped out of a back door and shot himself. He fell to the cellar below, where he was found on his back, with the pistol still in his hand, and apparently dead. The ball entered the right side of his head, ranging backward and downward. He lingered unconscious until six P. M., when he died. His wife arrived from Nashville soon after his death.

John Bronson, a colored preacher, of Richmond, Ky., was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, on the 27th ult., for stealing a decent suit of clothes to preach in.



A GALLOW'S BALL—THE WEIRD REVELS AND BARBARIC VOUDON INCANTATIONS WITH WHICH THE NEGROES HONORED THE DEPARTURE OF THEIR FELLOW-AFRICANS, THE CONDEMNED ASSASSINS, PAT SMITH AND JULIUS CHRISTIAN, AT NEW KENT COURT HOUSE, VA.—SEE PAGE 10.



### Washington Society Hoodlums.

[Subject of Illustration.] A Washington correspondent gives the following description of the disgraceful scenes witnessed at the recent reception at the palatial residence of the Mexican Minister, in that city: The behavior of the Senor's guests on that occasion was enough to make us blush, not alone for our countrymen, but for our countrywomen. Women calling themselves ladies joined with the men in making this ball a scene of debauch seldom equaled even in Washington—noted for its intemperance.

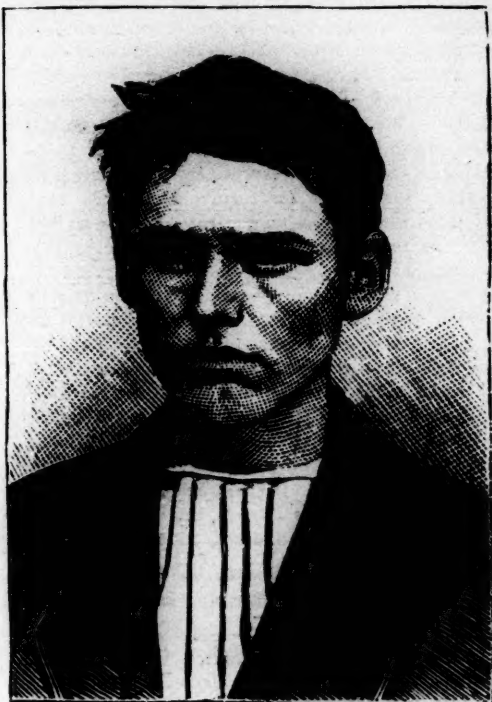
Men were seen carrying away bottles of champagne in their coat pockets. Ladies (?) tore the gold and silver skewers from the cold meats and stuck them in their hair. One man was seen with a bottle of champagne between his heels a glass in one hand and another bottle of champagne in the other. As fast as a dish was used it was tossed under the table, till the floor was strewn with broken glass and china. The next morning a wagon-load of the costly broken stuff was carried away from the door.

And this is the National Capital, and these same ladies and gentlemen (?) consider themselves the *crème de la crème* of Washington society. We read of the black death which, in 1348, swept over Europe, killing as many as fifteen thousand in one day; but far worse than the black death or Asiatic plague is the liquor curse which holds our land in bondage, killing sixty thousand a year, and indirectly causing the death of sixty thousand more.

### Clipping a Tiger's Claws.

[Subject of Illustration.]

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 28.—The interesting feat of clipping the ingrowing claws of the royal Bengal tiger "Jim," an inhabitant of "The Zoo," was accomplished to-day with a great deal of difficulty. On account of the lack of constant attrition on rough ground, such as the would have had if traversing their native jungle instead of the smooth floor of his cage, Jim's claws had become lengthened to an unnatural size and continuing to curve inward, had grown deeply into his paws, by which the animal was exposed to an attack of lockjaw. Hence the clipping.



EDWARD O'BOYLE, CHARGED WITH COMPLICITY IN THE SHANDLEY MURDER, IN CHICAGO.

The well-known animal trainer, Mr. A. J. Forepaugh, was retained for the operation, and appeared early this morning at the carnivora house of "The Zoo," accompanied by Dr. Chapman, physician to the garden, Arthur E. Brown, the superintendent, and four keepers. Forepaugh had provided himself for the operation with a strong three-quarter inch rope, looped at one end, a long pole and four short half inch cords, also looped, a thick, knotty hickory club and a pair of sharp wire nippers, and with these tools proceeded to do the job as follows:

The loop of the larger rope was placed on the end of the long pole and



WASHINGTON SOCIETY HOODLUMS—DISGRACEFUL SCENES AT THE RECEPTION OF THE MEXICAN MINISTER, OCCASIONED BY THE VULGAR ATROCITIES OF CERTAIN MISCALLED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AMONG THE GUESTS.

### THURST INTO THE CAGE.

At the instant the tiger leaped into the further corner with a terrific roar which startled the other animals, and the lions, tigers, leopards and hyenas all howled

in chorus. The loop, however, was run over "Jim's" neck, and he was gradually drawn, in spite of his struggles, to the front of the cage.

Mr. Forepaugh now showed consummate coolness



CLIPPING A TIGER'S CLAWS—THE DELICATE SURGICAL OPERATION PERFORMED ON A ROYAL BENGAL, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, PHILADELPHIA.

and judgment, and quietly and quickly directed his assistants to secure the animal to the front of the cage. "Now his feet," and the fore feet were in the loops with the aid of an iron scraper, and the tiger, bewildered at the tactics of his supposed enemies, shook his head, roared, and for a few seconds struggled fiercely to get loose, but instead of getting loose, opportunity was taken to get the loops of the other ropes on the hind feet, and he was thrown on his side and drawn up to the front of the cage, with his hind feet sticking clear through, and the fore feet to the edge.

In this position he was secured and safety cords attached to the ends, each one of the latter being held by one of the assistants, so that as soon as the operation was completed all the feet could be loosed at once. As soon as the feet were thus secured the rope around the neck was cast off, so that

THE TIGER'S HEAD was free. One of the keepers was then stationed near the head, so that in case he bit at the ropes binding the feet or at the operator he could thrust the hard wood knotted club into his mouth for him to bite on. This became necessary so often that the hard club was chewed into a pulpy brush.

"All ready," said Mr. Forepaugh, and taking in his right hand a large, sharp wire clip, had each

ingrowing claw in turn pried from the flesh and straightened out and clipped off to the required size. The right hind foot was the worst one of the claw, having grown fully an inch into the flesh, and by constant irritation caused the wound to inflame and fester. As soon as this, with a part of the outer shell, which had been shed into the wound, had been removed, the tiger appeared to quiet down and submitted to have the rest of the claws of the same foot clipped without making much struggling. The right front paw was also badly lacerated and inflamed. The claws were clipped in every case very quickly and successfully. As soon as the claws of each foot were clipped the operator rubbed burnt alum into the festered wounds to burn away the proud flesh, and then poured over the wounds balsam of fir to heal the same.

After all the claws had been clipped Mr. Forepaugh,



EX-REVEREND THOS. B. NEWBY, THE ALLEGED CLERICAL LOTHARIO, OF LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.

stepping back, cautioned his assistants to be ready to pull the safety cords at the word. So the animal, freed from all the cords at once sprang to his legs like a flash and jumped to the rear of the cage, where he first licked his bloody chops, and, squatting, soothingly licking his paws, apparently satisfied that they were still in his possession, commenced pacing his cage, showing evident signs of having experienced great relief from the operations performed on him. The whole operation occupied only twenty minutes.

James Donnelly, the famous mail robber and former leader of the Texas gang, has been arrested in Alabama.



## DIED LIKE A DOG.

Terrible But Well Deserved Fate of the  
Beastly Black Perpetrator of

## A HIDEOUS CRIME.

The Incensed Citizens Drag him From Jail,  
Hang him to a Lamp Post and Burn his  
Body in the Public Square.

## AN AWFULLY THRILLING SCENE.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The following additional particulars have been obtained regarding the lynching and burning of the negro rape fiend, Bill Howard, at Fort Scott, Kans., on March 26th, a brief account of which was given in our preceding issue. About noon of that day the negro, who, it will be remembered, so cruelly and diabolically raped Clara Pond, the twelve-year-old daughter of George Pond, was discovered in an old coal-mine, about half a mile from the residence of Mr. Pond, and about six miles from that city. After some little difficulty and a threat to burn him out of the semi-cave into which he had retreated, Howard came forth and delivered himself up, after receiving a promise of no bodily harm from his captors.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the cortege arrived in town, and the prisoner was promptly lodged in jail. The excitement which previously raged so high in the town for three days, rose to fever heat, and the threats of lynching were renewed with emphasis.

Later in the afternoon several citizens succeeded, after much persuasion, in obtaining from the sheriff permission

## TO INTERVIEW THE PRISONER.

Seated in the jail, behind the frowning doors and iron grating of the windows, the following statement in substance was obtained:

"The girl asked me to go with her to meet her pa. After walking several miles we sat down to rest. I asked her a question and she assented, provided I would not tell any one." The negro denied using any force, or the repetition of the act more than once, and said that after the act they walked along together for some distance. He also denied choking the girl or tearing her clothes and person. He also denied having an alias name, and of a prior conviction and sentence for a similar crime, but afterwards admitted that he had borne another name and had served a five years' term in the Missouri penitentiary for an attempted rape on a white married woman.

The fellow looked tired and worn-out, and declared that he had had nothing to eat since the Sunday night preceding his capture. He was smart, and lied with a good deal of fluency, but his statements bore the evidence of untruthfulness on their face. The truth of the case is so utterly excruciating and horrible as to be entirely

## WITHOUT PARALLEL IN HISTORY.

The black beast abducted the girl from the house, choked her so as to leave the marks of his fingers plainly on her throat, tore her clothes to tatters and lacerated her flesh with his hands before he consummated his fiendish desire and intentions.

The finale took place in the evening about seven o'clock. An immense crowd of people, numbering fully 1,000, accompanied by thirty masked men, in solid line, with drawn revolvers in their hands, marched to the jail, and, overpowering all resistance, tore the iron grating from the window of Howard's cell and forcibly took him out. A rope was tied around his neck, and amid thundering yells and shouts the demon was dragged by a hundred hands a distance of five blocks and hung to a lamp-post in the northeast corner of the public square.

The brutal wretch fought furiously. He was powerfully built, very strong, and in his struggles held the rope in his teeth three-fourths of the distance while being dragged to the square. The infuriated mob was roused to a pitch of anger and excitement that passed all bounds, and finally, after the body had hung some fifteen minutes, the cry was raised of

## "BURN HIM, BURN HIM."

The crowd took up the cry, and, pulling the body down, dragged it to the square in spite of the resistance and objection of the more calm and peaceable portion of the crowd, literally roasted and burned the remains in a fire of dry-goods boxes and coal oil.

The demoniac shouts that rent the air rivalled Pandemonium, while the livid flames shot heavenward and then downward, to lick their red tongues around the corpse.

Good citizens regret that the excitement of the people bent on revenge should have led them into such a barbaric act, but it is only just to the citizens of Fort Scott to say that most of the active participants are residents of the county and largely of the coal banks in that vicinity.

The lynching was done without any apparent organization, everybody almost taking a part in it, either by act or countenance. The men were without masks. The temper of those engaged in the lynching was not so much a punishment to the brute, but as a warning against the commission of a similar crime. The people assert that they would treat a white man under like circumstances in a like manner.

## Damnable Outrage on a Child.

WILLIAMSBURG, Pa., March 30.—The citizens of this place are highly excited over a brutal outrage committed last night on the person of a little girl named Henninger, aged eight years, daughter of respectable parents. She was sent on an errand by her parents, and when on Third street, near the court-house, was suddenly seized by a man, carried into an alley, and from thence to the river bank. She was told if she made any noise she would be killed. Notwithstanding this

threat, when the brute violently outraged the little one, she tried to scream, but was prevented by his putting his hand over her mouth and threatening to throw her into the river. She then lost consciousness, and remembered nothing more until about three hours afterward, when she became conscious, and made her way home. A medical man was summoned, who pronounced the child in a serious condition, with the chances against her recovery. The police authorities were notified this morning, and arrested a man named Paul, who absolutely denied any knowledge of the affair, and showed that he was in a neighboring beer saloon when the affair occurred. He was released and left town at once. From additional information received to-day it was shown that Paul was in the neighborhood, and will be re-arrested when found. Threats of lynching are freely made, and will be carried into effect if the perpetrator can be found.

## DAMNABLE DEVICES.

The Devilish Cunning and Fiendish Trickery by Which an Infamous Procuress Brought About the Ruin of Scores of Innocent Young Girls.

Concerning the Meratt case, which has been exciting much attention in Louisville, Ky., the *Courier-Journal*, of that city, has the following:

A gentleman whose veracity cannot be doubted said that on one occasion he saw four apparently innocent girls, having school-books in their hands and wearing short dresses, enter a den of iniquity by the back passage as though very familiar with the premises. The reporter was still further informed that by Sallie Meratt's means the names of numbers of virtuous and respectable girls have been banded, blasted and handed round the streets as freely as those of the vilest prostitutes and harlots that flaunt their brazen charms within the city of Louisville. From the statements made to the reporter, it seems that Meratt has been in the habit of suggesting to her lecherous customers the names of certain young ladies as her visitors, and in this manner exciting their passion and

## SECURING THEIR PATRONAGE.

For instance. A young man well dressed and having plenty of money goes into the house. He asks Meratt what girls are in the habit of visiting her establishment. She answers, calling over the names of certain young ladies probably known to the man by reputation as those of well-known and virtuous girls.

He is of course surprised, and nine times out of ten so eager to see the parties that he pays a liberal fee and requests that one of the girls be brought. Meratt sends out and has a prostitute brought in, yet generally a young one, who dresses neatly, and is sufficiently an actress to assume the coy manners and backwardness of an innocent girl.

The first friend the young man meets he tells in a confidential manner that he has been to Meratt's and had improper intimacy with a certain young lady, possibly well known to the friend, who whispers the tale to his friends, and in this manner the young lady's name goes to the winds as that of an assignation-house visitor, which, of course, brands her in decent society, and in that manner

## BLASTS HER REPUTATION.

Such proceedings are unprecedented, and ought by all means to be investigated, and Meratt prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

It is said that when Meratt kept her den of prostitution down on Tenth street, an individual, almost as contemptible as herself, upon one occasion called at her house, and by paying a round sum, hired her to induce a young and pretty girl to visit the place, and, through Meratt's aid, the individual referred to coaxed the girl into a room and forcibly seduced her. The affair got to the ears of the ruined maiden's father, who at once went to Meratt's and threatened to prosecute the individual and Meratt herself if a large sum of money was not paid. This so frightened the individual, who was possessed of a goodly share of money and influence, that he at once paid the amount required, quieted the outraged parent, and in this manner

## HUSHED UP THE AFFAIR.

It is also said that another of Meratt's schemes to secure patronage was to write "billet doux," to wealthy gentlemen, well known to her by reputation as being possessed of a great deal of animal passion, which she sought to excite by telling of numerous young and beautiful girls whom she would, for an agreed sum, secure for the pleasure of the party to whom she was writing; also urging her facilities for furnishing these innocent victims at short notice. It is said that these notes have been received by married as well as single gentlemen. Many persons will remember a long, white, beautiful cloak with which Meratt was formerly accustomed to deck herself whenever she came upon the streets. This cloak was known at the time to every one, and by its means it is charged that Meratt has ruined a number of girls, who had advanced only slightly on the broad path to perdition.

It appears that whenever a girl by chance visited her establishment, and one whom she wanted to get upon her regular list of callers, she would be some pretext induce the unsuspecting girl to go out upon the street, wearing the cloak, and attracting by its peculiar style and beauty the attention of every one. In this manner the cloak became famous, and, whenever a girl wore it upon the street it was the insignia of her shame, and caused her to receive insults which she could otherwise have resented, and branding her as an assignation-house visitor. It is also alleged that the daughter of a certain respected doctor, whose name has often been in print, first began her life of shame within the gilded walls of Sallie Meratt's sin-soaked establishment.

## Bloody Settlement of an Old Grudge.

INGERSOLL, Ont., March 26.—This afternoon Reuben Smith, while sitting asleep in a chair in the Royal Hotel, was kicked in the face by Charles Moore, killing him instantly. It is supposed the act was prompted by an old grudge.

## TOO LATE, IF TRUE.

Evidence Which has Caused a Widespread Belief That Gravelin, who was Recently Hung at Windsor, Vermont, for Murder, was Innocent of the Crime for Which he Suffered the Extreme Penalty of the Law.

A strong sentiment prevails in Windsor and Albany, Vt., that in the hanging of Gravelin on Friday, 21st ult., an innocent man was executed, and evidence is at hand that strongly warrants such a conclusion. A representative of the *St. Albans Advertiser* called upon Hon. J. W. Dean, senior counsel for Gravelin, and that gentleman, in support of the opinion that his client was an innocent man, summarized the evidence in his possession as follows:

In the first place I have sworn affidavits to the effect that one of the grand jurors who preferred the indictment was illegally drawn, and that two of the petit jurors who rendered the verdict against him were also illegally drawn. This, of itself, in any other state in the Union except Vermont, would vitiate all the proceedings, but here they refuse to go back of the false return made by the sheriff upon his venire. I have, in addition, the affidavit of a jurymen by the name of Rufus O. Allen that he had formed and expressed an opinion upon this case, and that no amount of testimony, nor the recapitulation of the evidence by counsel, nor the statement of the law by the judge presiding, could change or alter, in any way, this opinion which he had

## ALREADY FORMED AND EXPRESSED.

I have the sworn affidavit of Albert Preston that Tim Handlin was employed by Horace Weston and the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Montpelier, to testify against Gravelin in the murder case. I have a sworn memorandum of a conversation had with Horace Weston, whose buildings were burned, who said they had to have some such testimony as that of Handlin's to convict Gravelin of murder in the first degree, and to this statement A. Preston swears that he has also had the same understanding and talk many times with Weston and Rollin Amsden. I have also the statement of H. H. Kern, W. W. Fisher, Frank Warner and others, made at Tiblow, Kans., written by myself, sworn to before Thomas Curry, justice of the peace, certified to by the clerk of Wyandotte county, Kansas, to the effect that John Jacobs, a Frenchman, who ran away from Kern, leaving a balance of \$20 due to him in Kern's hands, and his clothing, after having confessed to Kern the commission of a murder and the setting of a fire in Windsor county, Vermont, the murder in Weathersfield, and the fire, as he said, that of the buildings of a farmer who resided in Windsor. I now think that this man was Charles L. Shiette alias Brough, or Joe Massey, both of whom are now missing from the town of Weathersfield.

## WHERE THESE CRIMES WERE PERPETRATED.

I have also the sworn statement of Mrs. Shiette, divorced wife of Charles L. Shiette, in which she says that her diary shows that he, on the night of White's murder, was away from home until after half past nine o'clock, and, when he returned, was in a great state of terror and alarm; that she asked him of what he was afraid, and he told her "Henry Mitchell, for whom I have been husking, has had a fit, and I never saw a man look so badly as he did." She asked him why his lantern was blown out, and he replied, "Something told me to put out that light as I went by Gravelin's, or he would kill me;" further, that he said that Mitchell had a fit, and he never saw such a sight in his life, and it had alarmed him. Also from her I ascertained that he had filled up a well on his premises. The theory in regard to that well is that Shiette placed in it the clothing he had on at the time he participated in that murder, and a Frenchman, named Stone, living near him, is ready to prove that these statements already made by Amos Noyes and other witnesses were true; that Shiette had told Stone his connection with this case; that jealousy was the actuating motive. I had in addition, affidavits which show the above testimony was true. Now, above and beyond all this, comes this

## AFFIDAVIT OF TIM HANDLIN.

"If Gravelin is hung on this testimony I ought to be too. They told me just what they wanted to prove and I swore accordingly. I could not tell who it was at the diamond hole. Lovell did not know what was said only as I told him. I carried on the conversation in a whisper. I asked all the questions and told Lovell what I thought best. This was the worst and dirtiest job I ever undertook, and I would rather spend three years in state prison than lend myself to another wrong of this kind." It will be seen that Tim, without any suggestion, any call or request by defendant, volunteers this statement of his connection with the Gravelin case. Tim swore before Justice Guernsey that what he had sworn to in this case was to all effect and purpose a piece of hired perjury. Tim was in a state of great excitement, and had sent for me by Mr. Keefe to take his statement regarding the matter. He says that all this devilry was put up in the office of William E. Johnston, of Woodstock, attorney for Horace Weston and the insurance company. Now Amos Noyes, a respectable and reputable man of Weathersfield, swears as follows: "On the 7th day of October, the day after the murder, Gravelin asked me if I could let White move into the west tenement in my house. He said for a number of reasons it would not be convenient for White to move into his stone house, and if he could get a place near by, where White would be conveniently located, it would suit him better than to have him

## MOVE INTO THE STONE HOUSE.

That he had made a contract with White to do a certain piece of work, to lay a stone-wall at fifty cents per rod, to have the use of Gravelin's oxen, to take Jackson (Gravelin's hired man) if he wanted him, cut and haul to Springfield, at \$3 per thousand, ash and bass-wood lumber." I put these statements forth, each and every one of them boldly, for I know they can be proved.

If they are susceptible of proof, then Gravelin never did commit this murder. The theory that the man who killed White set fire to those buildings is not

substantiated by one jot of proof. Pertinent inquiries suggest themselves regarding this case. If Mrs. Baker did not swear truly, then she and Gravelin were together connected with the dispatch of White, for unless she was true then she was guilty, and she and Gravelin were associated in that crime, as it will be recollected she swore that she and Gravelin were left alone on those premises with White after the departure of the boys and before the return of the girls. It was never proven that Gravelin or Mrs. Baker suggested that they be left alone. The girls went up to see a baby of Mrs. Gardner's, and the boys went down to a husking. It was not proven at the trial that after seven o'clock, White was there. It was shown by Mrs. Baker, the two girls, and the testimony of Jackson, Meader and Patnode, that it was impossible for Gravelin to have committed the murder without

## THEIR GUILTY KNOWLEDGE OR PARTICIPATION.

Now, Tim Handlin swore on the stand at Woodstock that Gravelin had confessed to him that he and Carpenter together killed White; that he held him and Carpenter struck the blows on White's head with an ax; that Frank Jackson rode the "John horse" to the fire, and that was all he knew about the whole matter, with the exception that Jack McLean was to be paid \$300 for setting those buildings on fire. Now Handlin swears that all the testimony given at that time was made at the instigation of the insurance company, and that he swore as directed. I can also prove that the rumor was current, long before the finding of the body of White, that it would be found in a well on the premises of Henry Gravelin up in the pasture back of the house. The body was accidentally discovered by Meader, a farm hand, and one Leland. Meader told Leland that they said the body of White was in that well. Leland asked where, and was told by the stone-heap over yonder. This rumor had been extant for more than ten days. The well where the body was found was 300 feet from H. Carpenter's, 160 rods from H. Gravelin's, or 2,640 feet, and 35 rods from the Bend barn, where the anonymous letter says White was killed. Now this anonymous letter, identified by Shiette's wife as being written by him, says,

## WHITE WAS KILLED WITH A CLUB.

Sheriff Amsden told me last September that White was not killed at the hog-house, but in front of the dwelling of Gravelin, and he could prove by Jackson that the murder was committed with a piece of scythe-stick in the rough. He said Jackson saw up that piece after finding it covered with fresh blood. This upsets the theory of the state in regard to this whole matter, for the state claimed that the murder was committed in the hog-house, and there was produced in court a section of that building which showed spots and stains supposed to be blood. Now Amsden and Weston (and they are the state) claim that this murder was not committed in that hog-house, but in front of Gravelin's dwelling, and that the body was concealed in the stone house in a closet, on a pile of shingles about two feet high, but they failed to prove when, where and for what reason this crime was committed. They absolutely fail to assign a motive for the commission of the crime. The principal witness in the case makes affidavit that his evidence was false, and explains that he was influenced by the insurance company and by Horace Weston to testify as he did for a reward. The hanging of Gravelin does not end the matter. We shall follow up the case, and hope to bring the real murderer to justice before many months.

## Avenging an Insult to a Sister.

On Saturday, 29th ult., Ella Plumley, a fourteen-year-old girl, of 619 Warren street, Brooklyn, told her brother, William Plumley, who is a 'longshoreman', about twenty years of age, that William Brokaw, who is about eighteen years of age, had insulted her. Plumley at once sought Brokaw and found him in a vacant lot in Baltic street, playing ball. Plumley accused Brokaw of having insulted his sister and then pounded him severely about the head. Before Brokaw could attempt to retaliate Plumley ran away. On the morning of the 1st, Ella Plumley heard from a playmate that Brokaw and his brother David had arranged to waylay Plumley on his return from work that night. Ella Plumley at once wrote a note to her brother warning him to have some friends accompany him home. At about eight o'clock Plumley passed along Warren street, accompanied by James Farrell and two or three others. When near his home Plumley and his party were attacked by the Brokaws, and in the fight that followed sticks and stones were freely used. In the midst of the fight William Brokaw ran into his house, at 619 Warren street, and procured two pistols. One he gave to his brother David, who speedily fired into Plumley's party, who, on seeing the firearms, ran away. William Brokaw then fired three shots at Plumley's friends, and one of them struck Farrell in the shoulder, making a severe wound.

## A Sanguinary Hallucination.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 29.—A strange hallucination on the part of a young married woman, named Mary Steck, of Allegheny, led to the commission of a deed to-day which may result in murder. Two weeks ago she took her child to an old doctress, who uses herbs for treatment. Mrs. Lambing, the doctress, is eighty-six years of age; and, after a number of incantations and placing a string on the child's breast, which she afterward burned, pronounced the infant cured. The medicine did it good, and it is stout and healthy. This morning, shortly after breakfast, Mrs. Steck armed herself with a hatchet and proceeded to the house of the doctress, told her she had bewitched the child and herself, and, suddenly drawing the hatchet from under her apron, began chopping at the feeble old woman. She struck her two blows on the top of the head and one on the side, cutting to the scalp and crushing the skull in one place. She was then overpowered and locked up. Mrs. Steck is twenty-four years old. Mrs. Lambing was assaulted and brutally beaten by a tramp a year ago. It is believed to-night she will die. The husband of Mrs. Steck says his wife has been deranged ever since her visit to the doctress.



## THE WIDOW'S CRUISE.

It Comes to a Disastrous Termination in  
the Case of the Venerable  
Victim of her Wiles

### WHO EMERGES TRIUMPHANT

In a Halo of Injured Innocence With Which  
the Beatific Benjamin Surrounded him.  
But Still the Widow Avers

### THAT SHE ISN'T DONE WITH HIM YET.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 1.—The last day of the trial of the Oliver-Cameron breach of promise suit was marked by more than usual interest. The courtroom was crowded from an early hour, and the proceedings throughout enlisted the closest attention. General Butler was attired in a manner calculated to make an effective appearance to the jury. He wore a salt and pepper sack coat, with vest and pantaloons to match, the coat being of English style. On the left lapel of the coat there stood out in bold relief a large bouquet composed of red and white rosebuds. From his watch chain there hung a bone whistle, mounted with gold; a Florida bean, a heavy seal ring and several other trinkets, which, during his address to the jury, dangled against his round, full stomach, making a noise like

#### THE JINGLE OF A CAR BELL.

Previous to the arrival of the judge he employed himself in reading over the letters of Mrs. Oliver to Mr. Cameron, and on the arrival of his associates held a short conversation with them.

Mrs. Oliver was dressed in becoming style, more so than has been her custom during the trial. On arriving at the courtroom she removed her shawl and exposed her round, full figure to an advantage. Her dress was of black cashmere, with a close fitting body, trimmed with black velvet and lace, and around her neck she wore a scarf of lace, fastened in front with a gold pin, below which was a handsome bouquet of flowers. On her head she wore a black silk bonnet, covered with a spotted veil. Her hair was combed neatly over her forehead.

When General Butler arose to continue his address he walked in front of the jury to the judge's bench, where he took a position, his left hand resting on the bench and the right in his trousers pocket. The General started off calmly, but gradually warmed up, and then his right hand was brought into use, and quickly came from his pocket. As he progressed he made his hand do oratorical service. When he purposed bringing out a point he thought would strike the jury he would lean forward, and, pointing his diamond-fingered hand at the jury, apparently

#### THURST HIS ARGUMENTS INTO THEIR MOUTHS.

He proceeded in an amusing strain, dwelling particularly of Mrs. Oliver's charge that Mr. Cameron had led her astray, and kept the crowd in continuous roars of laughter. The General closed by saying that Simon Cameron did one wrong thing, and that was to pay the woman money, which made him appear guilty. He claimed that the money was paid under the advice of Mr. Riddle to procure peace. "Put yourself in his place," said the General. (A voice, "No, we won't.") "And what would you do? (Laughter.) If this woman could obtain a verdict on her own testimony then the capital should be removed, as the District of Columbia is an unsafe place for a senator to live in. (Laughter.) Yet it was claimed," he continued, "that it was a dodge in not putting that infirm old man, Simon Cameron, on the stand to prove the letters forgeries. Why should I put that old man on the stand to be laughed and sneered at? He has been

#### THE SUBJECT OF FUN LONG ENOUGH.

He has been food for the newspapers for months. The general became so earnest in his subject that great drops of perspiration rolled down his face.

At the close of General Butler's address much disorder was occasioned in the courtroom by some of the crowd leaving. A suspension of proceedings took place until order was restored and then Mr. Peters began his argument. He concluded at five minutes to twelve o'clock, and Judge Carter, in sending the case at once to the jury, took the crowd by surprise, as all expected he would charge them.

Instead of doing so he merely said, "Gentlemen of the jury, take this case and dispose of it. Mr. Clerk, pass the papers to the foreman."

There was considerable laughter at the brevity of the judge's charge, and in two minutes after the argument closed the jury were in their room.

As they were retiring, the judge said, "I do not intend to spend two weeks on a trial in the middle of a term without the jury making an effort to agree."

Counsel on both sides and Mrs. Oliver retired, but the crowd remained, doubtless expecting the jury's return with an early verdict. After the jury had been out a little more than an hour the judge announced an indefinite recess, and then left the bench.

Many bets were made on the probable verdict, some of which were two to one for

#### A VERDICT AGAINST MRS. OLIVER.

On the outside of the courtroom, while waiting for the verdict, the crowd collected in groups and discussed the merits of the case. Mrs. Oliver occupied a seat in the witness room adjoining that in which the jury were locked, and when that body became earnest in their arguments and talked loud the widow would exclaim:

"Oh, I am afraid they will not agree."

Afterwards she laid her head upon the window sill and was soon fast asleep. After a half-hour's nap she roused up, and then kept at her post, trying to amuse herself in passing the time in awaiting the verdict by looking at what transpired in the street. The door of the room she occupied and the one in which the jury was confined opened into a small lobby, and the discussion from the latter could be distinctly heard in

the former, especially when some of the jury became excited in their arguments.

At five minutes of three the jury came in, and, in response to the question, "Gentlemen, have you agreed on a verdict?" the foreman replied:

"We have—a verdict for the defendant."

Mr. Darneille—"I desire the jury to be polled."

The Court—"Poll the jury." And as each man's name was called he answered, "For the defendant."

While the jury were out they took three votes. The first stood three for plaintiff and nine for defendant, and the second vote eleven for defendant and one for plaintiff. The third vote brought the verdict. It is said that a motion will be made for a new trial on exceptions.

When the verdict was announced to Mrs. Oliver she cried and said, "I'm not done with Cameron yet," and rushed out of the courtroom and took a street-car, not waiting to consult with her counsel.

#### Vosburgh, a Wanderer.

YANKTON, Dakota, March 27.—About five months ago, there appeared a man in Yankton, who intimated that he came from New York state, but was not very particular about letting people know who and what he was, and what business, if any, he had been following. He hired a room in a residence building, where lived a family at the time, and partook of his meals at the Merchants' hotel. At his room he opened out a large and elegant library, and when asked by the inquisitive landlord from whom he rented his room, what he intended to do, and why he had such an extensive library, he remarked that he thought of studying for the ministry. But his stay in Yankton was rather brief. He was here long enough, by the way, to write a continued story in *The Dakota Herald*, a weekly paper published in this city, which run for some three or four weeks. The title of the story was "Edna Deane," and was considered by lovers of novels quite interesting and well written. The author of this tale as published in the paper, was "The Muspokken." His main object in coming to Yankton was to get a divorce from his wife (Mrs. Vosburgh) for attempting to poison whom he was tried before the courts of Jersey City and acquitted. When he arrived here he found, upon counseling with some of the leading lawyers of this city, that it was almost impossible for him (bearing the character he did) to get a divorce before Chief Justice Shannon, a strong Catholic, and greatly prejudiced against divorcees. The Rev. Mr. Vosburgh was advised by his counsel to go to Fargo, D. T., where Associate Judge Barnes presides, where divorces were much easier obtained, and there the reverend gentleman now holds forth, with the expectation, in the near future, of again becoming a man without a wife.

#### The Patent Buffer.

The San Francisco Post tells the following: It was a reporter on a live daily who had glued his lynx eye to the key-hole of a Baldwin Hotel room the other day, when he was disgusted to find on looking up that the occupant of the apartment was beaming benevolently down on him from the transom. "Day, day!" said the guest, cheerfully; "guess you've struck the wrong number. The man suspected of a forgery and being a politician is next door, and the man with four wives is just across the hall."

"I—really—mus' excuse," stammered the for once abashed special.

"Not at all, don't mention it," put in the boarder, jumping down and pulling the quill-driver into the room. "Fact is, I was just laying for one of you fellows—knew you'd be along presently."

"Want to be interviewed?"

"No. I want to show you press gentlemen a little invention of mine that ought to be in the possession of every reporter in the country, and it will be, too. I expect to sell no end of 'em to your paper alone."

"Do, eh?"

"Certainly. I call it the Reporters' Patent Combined Spiral Spring and India-Rubber Nose-Buffer. You have often, in the fulfillment of your duties, had the door through which you were looking opened most unexpectedly, inflicting a severe blow upon the nasal extremity. This sometimes leads to inflammation, especially where the key-hole is brass; gangrene sets in, lockjaw, death! Now, all you fellows have to do is to carry a patent buffer, put up in one of these elegant morocco cases, and—"

But the newspaper man made a dash for the elevator and escaped.

#### Spirit of the Russian Nihilists.

The gendarme lately killed in the attack upon Nihilists at Kieff, in Russia, fell by the hand of a woman, Olga Rassowaka. Other Nihilist women figured in the defense of one of the houses entered by the police at the time. In another house was Mlle. Gersfeld, daughter of a general and a distinguished place holder. She was a noted beauty and but eighteen years of age. While firing her pistol at the gendarmes in the *melee*, she was wounded by a bayonet and captured. On being carried before the chief of police, she said: "I fired to-day only upon a simple gendarme, but on the next occasion we'll kill all of you, as so many mad dogs." The Countess Panin, admired equally with Mlle. Gersfeld for her beauty, was also arrested. Her husband's mother is one of the ladies of the Empress's court.

#### What Made de Trouble in de Church.

Serious trouble arose in a negro Baptist church in St. Louis, Mo., recently, from a society of women organized by the pastor, and which he called the Society of Mutual Love. He was its head, under the title of King, and no other man was a member. There was a Queen, too, and the first difficulty was caused by the Queen's husband, who charged that there was too much mutual love between her and the King. The pastor indignantly replied that the sole object of the organization was charitable; he, however, changed its name to the Society of Mutual Love of Christ in deference to criticism. But the breach was not healed, and the brethren are trying by a law-suit to drive the King and Queen out of the church.

## A TERRIBLE FIGHTER.

Steve Venard's Desperate Fight, Single-Handed, With Three Reckless Highwaymen, all of Whom he Killed; an Exploit Which Made him the Hero of the Hour Even in the Fighting Society of Nevada County, and Which Still Ranks as the Most Startling Event in its History.

Steve Venard, the hero of the most startling event that ever occurred in Nevada county's history, says the Nevada Transcript, is in town. Everybody here remembers him of old. For that matter his fame was national a few years ago, and there are people in all parts of the country who have not forgotten the account that went flashing over the wires of his daring feat of the 15th of May 1866. History tells us that the stage from North San Juan to this city was stopped at half past four o'clock in the morning, near the top of the hill, on the south side of the South Yuba, above Black's Crossing, by three men in disguise, and \$7,900 taken from Wells, Fargo & Co.'s coin chest, which was a fixture in all the stages wherever the company had a route. The passengers, seven in number, were ordered to get out, and the driver commanded to take the horses from the wagon without delay. As the robbers were armed with revolvers, there was no alternative but to obey. The robbers then proceeded to blow open the chest with powder, with which they came prepared. Their object was accomplished at the second attempt. The coin was taken and the driver was

#### ORDERED TO DRIVE ON.

The stage drove quickly into Nevada, a distance of five miles. The news was made public. Sheriff R. B. Gentry rallied a posse and repaired in all haste to the scene of the robbery. The posse consisted of Steve Venard, James H. Lee, Albert Gentry and A. W. Potter. An examination of the spot showed that the robbers had turned out of the road and gone down the river parallel with it. Venard and Lee got on the trail of the robbers and followed it over the roughest of all imaginable ground for the distance of a mile and a half. It was evident which way the robbers went. Lee went back to take the horses around to the road of the crossing below, the rest of the sheriff's party having previously gone in that direction. Venard, left alone, followed the trail. He came to Meyer's Ravine, at its debouchure into the Yuba. He saw that the pursued had gone up the ravine to a crossing. He was alone in one of the wildest and roughest of spots in that wild and rugged region. The hills hung steep above. Rocks, trees, brush and logs there were in profusion on every hand. Venard was armed with a Henry rifle. The waters of the ravine came tumbling down its steep bed of boulders with a rush and a noise which rendered no other sounds audible. The hero of the hour

#### PROCEEDED WITH CAUTION.

A huge rock arose twenty feet in height in the midst of the muddy water; other smaller rocks surrounded it, altogether forming an island. A tree or two grew on the lower end of the island in the midst of the rocks, their branches and foliage partially covering the rocky rampart above. Below the island, at a few feet distant, was a precipice of fifteen feet or more, over which the waters of the river tumbled. Venard attempted to cross the stream at the head of the fall. He walked on a short log to a rock. Above him rose the huge mass of granite, buttressed in front by two smaller rocks. Between these latter was an alley which led up to the base of the Titan. His position was such as to look up the alley. At the base of the great rock, Venard discovered the object of his search. The leader of the gang was sitting on the ground and in the act of drawing his revolver. Venard instantly leveled his rifle upon the robber, who was not more than twenty feet distant. At the same moment he saw another of the gang pointing at him over the edge of a rock. There was no time to change his aim. He fired; the leader fell back

#### SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.

The other robber attempted to shield himself further behind a rock, leaving the point of his pistol exposed over the top. The exposure was fatal; Venard covered the spot with his unerring Henry. No sooner did the head of the robber peer above the rock than his brain was pierced with a bullet. There was yet another, but he was not to be seen. His pistol might at that moment be pointing at Venard. The latter, quick as thought, clambered up to the lair to beard him in his den. He found the treasure, took the pistols from the dead, covered quickly the former with earth and leaves, and proceeded to hunt the missing robber. Crossing the stream and ascending the steep mountain beyond, he discovered the robber running up the acclivity, sixty yards or more ahead. Venard fired and the robber fell. Another bullet, and the last robber

#### ROLLED DOWN THE HILL—DEAD.

Venard now sought his companions. They all proceeded to the scene of the tragedy, recovered the money, and by two o'clock of the same day the sheriff's party deposited the cash with A. D. Towers, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s agent in this city. After the sheriff's party had left Nevada, Wells, Fargo & Co. offered a reward of \$3,000, which was paid. The company also presented Steve Venard with a magnificent Henry rifle, gold mounted and beautifully inscribed. and Governor Low appointed him on his staff, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, "for meritorious services in the field."

The bodies of the robbers were brought to town, washed and fully identified. Upon them was found property they had taken from the passengers in stages they had stopped before. The names of the robbers were George Shanks, alias Jack Williams, the leader; Bob Finn, alias Caton, and George W. Moore.

#### Jim Younger's Bullet.

On the 21st of September, 1876, the Younger brothers, now safely lodged in the penitentiary in this city, says the Jefferson City, Mo., Journal, were captured in a large clump of bushes not far from the village of Madelia, by a posse of seven men, after a severe hand-to-hand encounter, in which two of the

robbers were killed and Jim Younger severely wounded by an oblong bullet from a needle-gun in the hands of Captain T. L. Vought, who was standing within ten feet of him when he fired. The bullet split his upper lip, carried away the right half of the jaw and penetrating the back part of the throat, where it is supposed to have turned upon the maxillary bone, lodging in the muscles of the back part of the throat, where it has been ever since. For a long time past he has not been able to do any work whatever, and it was thought he would necessarily die soon.

However, last Monday the prison surgeon, Pritt, made an incision in the roof of his mouth to where the bullet lay, but found it firmly imbedded in the muscles, and, it was thought, attached to a piece of bone. A day or two passed in the most intense pain and agony, when Hospital Steward Clark, at the earnest request of Younger, made an examination, and with proper instruments proceeded to carefully separate the muscles from the ragged and battered bullet, without doing any more cutting, as it lay near the salivary gland and deep muscles of the throat, which rendered it a very difficult place to work. A portion of two days was spent in this manner, when last Thursday the bullet was safely dislodged, much to the joy of the sufferer, who is greatly relieved, and whose prospects for recovery are now good. The bullet would undoubtedly have sloughed off in time, but its early removal has relieved him of an immense amount of intense suffering he would have had to undergo had it been left to work its own way out.

Jim bore up under the tedious operation bravely, without the use of any stimulant or medicine, and says \$100,000 would be no temptation to have the ugly thing returned to the place it has occupied for so long a time.

#### CAPTAIN WILLIAMS' PRECINCT.

As Seen Through Reportorial Spectacles, in a Midnight Tour of the "Model," Under Official Guidance.

The following account is given by the Herald of a tour of Captain Williams' precinct, which was made late on the night of the 2nd by one of its reporters, in company with Mr. J. D. Whitney, counsel for the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and a special detective from Police Headquarters. Leaving Broadway with its gay throngs of theatre parties on their way home, the party passed to the lower end of the precinct. Near Fifteenth street and Sixth avenue a so-called hotel was entered. The bar-room was filled with a crowd of men and women drinking. The lights were burning, and the steady trade was carried on without an effort at concealment. A tour through Twenty-seventh street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, showed houses of questionable character, with parlors brilliantly lighted and the occupants posed for public effect, so that their actions could be seen from the sidewalk. From out of basements came coarse-featured women, with discordant voices, who hailed passers-by in bold, familiar tones. One house pointed out by Mr. Whitney contained handsome Creole women, in richly decorated parlors, conversing with well-dressed men. Strains of music filled the air. All was wild revelry and

#### DISREGARD OF COMMON DECENCY.

The party next passed into Thirty-second street, between Broadway and Seventh avenue, where the same scenes were witnessed. In a few instances the occupants were orderly and quiet people, who had retired for the night, but almost every house was lighted up, while carriages drove to the doors, and groups of men and women conversed at doorways. It was now nearing one o'clock.

A public garden was reached. Here a mad throng of well-dressed and apparently respectable people were noisily enjoying themselves, a band of music was playing selections from "Pinafore;" there were drinking, carousings, ogling, swearing, smoking, all in free play. The atmosphere was sickening. A few blocks below a similar place was entered. Here young and old—the gambler, the rone, the spendthrift, the outcast—were shown in their true characters. Bartenders were busy in carrying liquor. Women—poor creatures, they were indeed—were largely represented. They drank as often, talked as loudly and spoke as vilely as

#### THEIR MALE COMPANIONS.

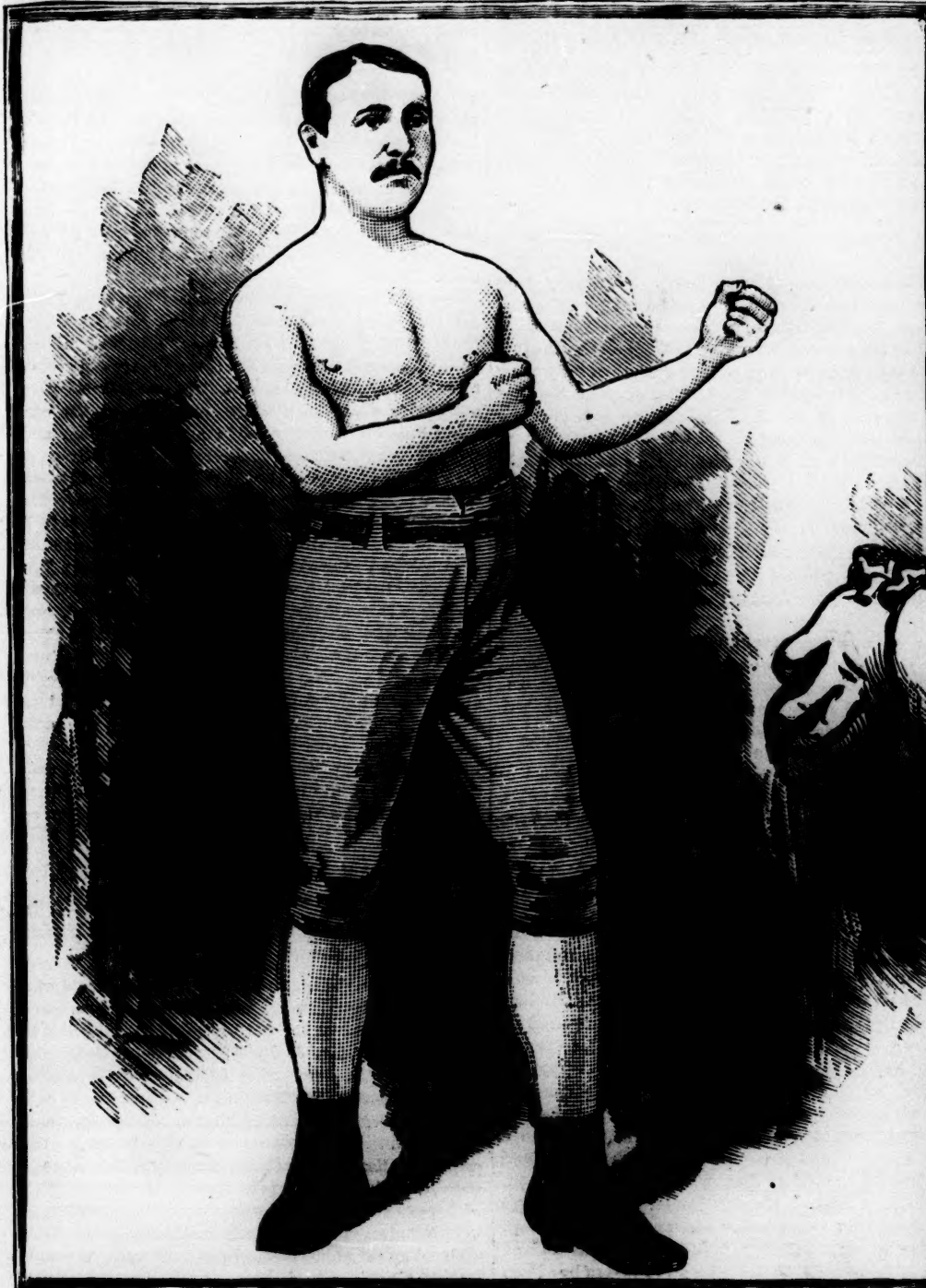
Champagne was being opened, cigars were smoked plentifully, whisky and lager were drunk in alarming quantity. "This," said Mr. Whitney, "is the most dangerous resort in the city for vice of a glided kind. It is frequented by the cream of the *demi-monde* of New York. Here are annually lost any number of book-keepers, clerks and store-keepers, who are drawn into the vortex before they realize it." The discordant sounds of the orchestra drowned the roar and din of the noisy multitude. People came trooping in in streams. At times the entrance was choked with the rush of arrivals and the struggle of the departures.

On Sixth avenue similar scenes were witnessed at two other places of like entertainment. At one of these places from one hundred to two hundred people of both sexes nightly congregate and continue their carousings until broad daylight. The men drink more than the women, but the latter smoke incessantly, mostly cigarettes. A chief resort of the dissolute is still further up the avenue, not more than four blocks from the station-house. It is

#### A FAMOUS PLACE FOR ORGIES.

The main door is closed, but the visitor enters freely at a side door. "Here," said Mr. Whitney, "giddy and senseless women are attracted, and that is the beginning of their moral degradation. Within one hour ninety drinks have been drank at the bar and over one hundred served by the colored waiters. Upstairs are parlors where, for double prices, greater privacy is enjoyed. A former owner told me he had invested \$52,000 and in six months had got from it \$16,000 profit. I had the place indicted last month, but the proprietor was discharged on slight bail. The owner of the property receives a rent of \$2,500 per annum." In the vicinity of the station-house faro banks were in full blast, as were other well-known gambling resorts.



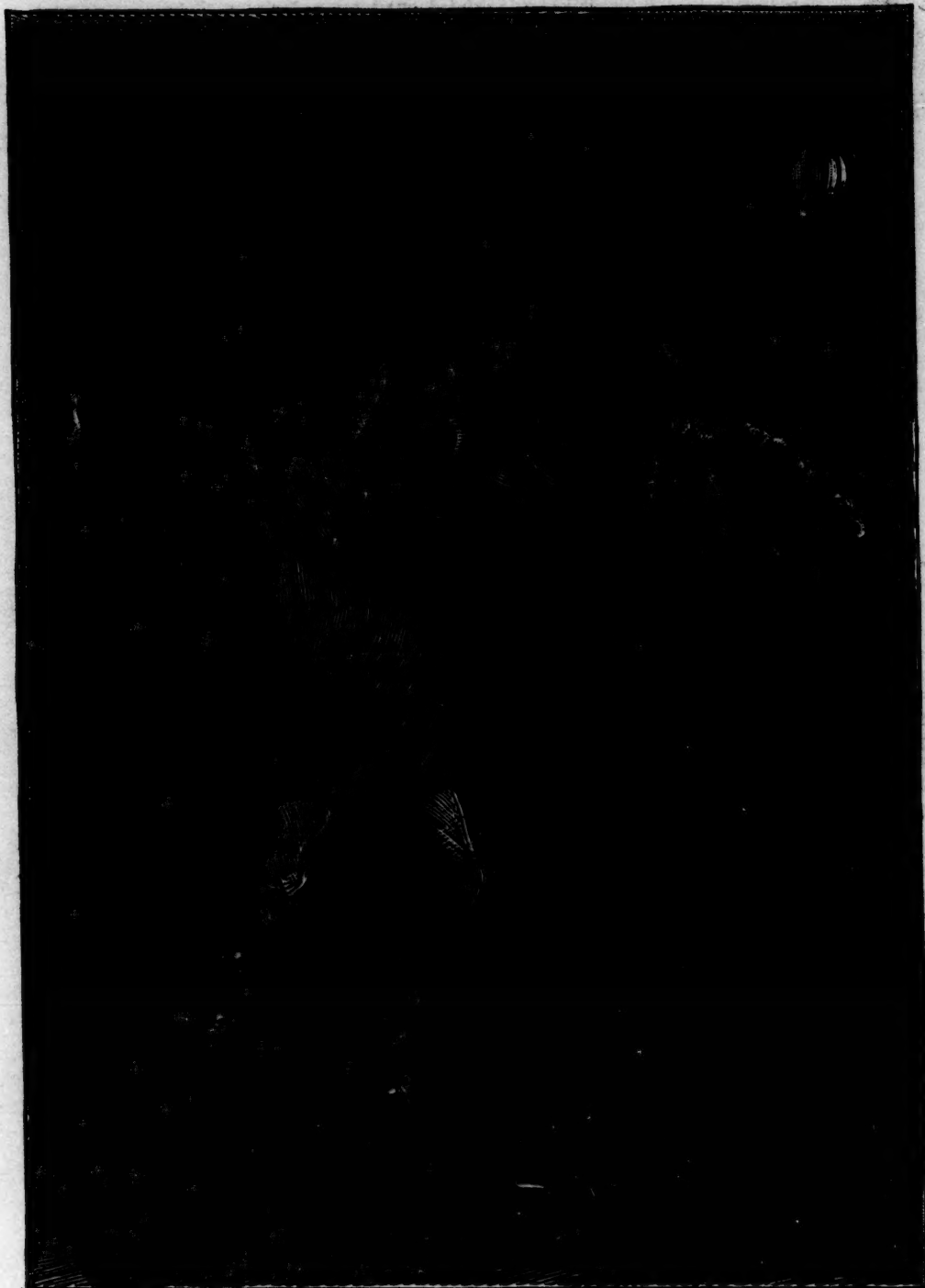


JOHN H. CLARK.

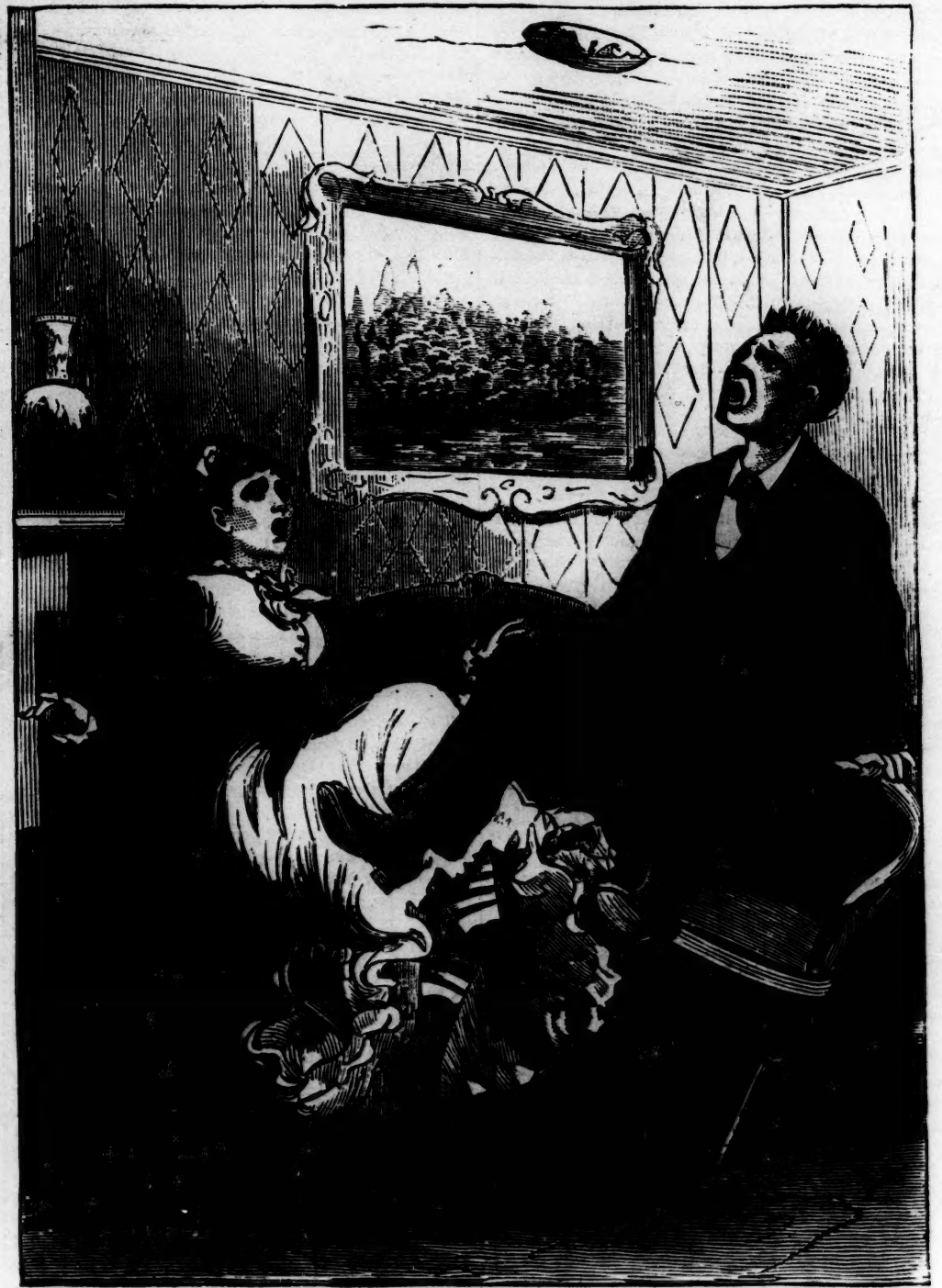


ARTHUR CHAMBERS.

THE CONTESTANTS FOR THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA IN THE RECENT PRIZE-FIGHT IN CANADA.—[SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE GAZETTE.—SEE PAGE 8.]



FATAL STABBING OF EDWARD TRACEY BY JAMES TOBIN, A SHIP-MATE, DURING A DRUNKEN QUARREL IN THE FORECASTLE OF THE ANCHOR LINE STEAMER, ALSATIA, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 13.



HOW THE OLD MAN BOUNCED AN UNWELCOME WOOPER—THE ODD STRATAGEM OF A SARCASTIC PARENT TO BREAK UP A DOMESTIC SPOONING PARTY, WILKINSBURG, PA.—SEE PAGE 12.





THE STUBBORNLY-CONTESTED PRIZE-FIGHT OF 186 ROUNDS AND OVER TWO HOURS' DURATION, FOR \$2,000 AND THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA, BETWEEN ARTHUR CHAMBERS AND JOHN H. CLARK, ON NAVY ISLAND, OPPOSITE BUFFALO, N. Y., ON THE CANADIAN SIDE.—SEE PAGE 3.



## CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses  
Against Person and  
Property.

## MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

The Blood-Thirsty Olive Gang of Cut-Throats and Man-Burners to be Brought to the Bar of Justice at Last.

## JUDGE LYNCH IN GENERAL DEMAND.

## LIFE SENTENCE FOR MURDER.

At Huntington, W. Va., on Saturday, 29th, the jury in the case of Henry Johnson, for the murder of Mrs. Parsons, in January last, returned a verdict of murder in the first degree, and sentenced him to the penitentiary for life.

## TO BE HANGED FOR RAPE.

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 31.—To-day the motion for a new trial in the case of Joseph Binstein, found guilty of rape, was overruled and the prisoner sentenced to be hung on June 30. An appeal to the Supreme Court has been taken.

## MORE TEXAS BLOOD.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, March 31.—A special dispatch to the *News* from San Antonio, says Tom Lemon, a notorious horse thief, was shot dead while resisting arrest. Lemon fired first, but missed the officer, who then shot Lemon through the heart with a rifle.

## A BLOOD-THIRSTY CHINAMAN.

CINCINNATI, O., March 31.—George Sam, a bad Chinaman, was arrested to-day for attempting the life of Joe Sing, another Mongolian. Sam served a term in the penitentiary for shooting at Joe Sing, and immediately on arriving home, after the expiration of his sentence, he went gunning for his old enemy.

## KILLED HIS WIFE IN HER SLEEP.

MOBERLY, MO., March 30.—Joseph Daily shot and killed his wife to-day while she was asleep. The shooting, he claims, was an accident. He thought the pistol was empty and expected to wake up his wife by snapping a cap. The parties were married only three weeks. Daily has been arrested and placed in jail.

## FATAL QUARREL OVER A WIFE.

TEXARKANA, TEX., March 30.—Samuel Crowley, conductor on the Texas-Pacific Railroad, last evening shot two balls into Thomas A. Hanks, attorney at law. The affray occurred in Justice Torg's office. Hanks had threatened to kill Crowley on sight. Both are married men. The cause of the difficulty was a dispute about a finger ring. Hanks' wounds are probably fatal.

## MURDER IN A CHURCH.

EVANSVILLE, IND., March 30.—At Newbury, Ind., last night, two white men—John Bell and Daniel Frame—entered a church where a negro festival and supper were in progress. After eating as much as they desired, a demand for payment was made upon them by Charles Thomas, when one of the men drew a razor and cut Thomas' throat from ear to ear, killing him instantly. Bell and Frame were arrested.

## AN AGED MURDERER CONVICTED.

NORWICH, N. Y., March 30.—Felix McCain, aged seventy-three years, was found guilty at ten o'clock last night in the first degree for the killing of his neighbor, James Morris Hatch, at Negro Hollow, near Sherburne, Chenango county, on the 3rd of December, 1868. There had been a quarrel of long standing over hens and a roadway. Hatch was shot while standing at his window by McCain, who rested his gun on Hatch's fence and fired through the glass.

## ALL ABOUT A WOMAN.

A serious shooting affray occurred at Levasy, Mo., on the 29th ult., between two young farmers named Samuel Nolan and James Hulse. They commenced jesting with each other about a young lady, and finally this led to a quarrel, which resulted in Nolan shooting Hulse in the right leg below the knee, inflicting a serious wound, which will probably cripple him for life. On being shot Hulse grabbed a shot-gun and would have killed Nolan had not friends interfered. No arrests.

## A FRANTIC DESPERADO.

GALVESTON, TEX., March 29.—John McAuley, a crazy desperado living at Bean's wharf, caused great excitement by resisting arrest for four hours. He was armed with two six-shooters, and fired on all persons within range of his weapons. At one time his pistol covered the breast of Chief of Police Jordan, at close quarters, but he failed to fire. At another time he fired at the chief from his house, and then came from cover, firing upon a policeman who was closing upon him. He was finally overpowered and taken to jail. Ten years ago he killed a man in Mobile.

## A FIGHT THAT MAY PROVE A MURDER.

William Grobe, of Carmanville, was found unconscious in a ditch near Anton Bender's bar-room on the Bergen Point plank-road, Jersey City, N. J., on Thursday night, 28th ult., by Officer Faulhaber. Grobe had a number of severe wounds on the head and contusions on the body, and his left eye was destroyed. He refused to tell how he received his injuries. After being cared for by the police surgeon he was sent home. There a physician discovered that Grobe's skull was fractured, and he was sent to a hospital. Grobe's recovery being considered doubtful, Superintendent Walling informed Chief of Police Nathan of Jersey City, who, with Justice Davis, visited Grobe, and took his ante-mortem statement. Grobe alleges that Bender, the proprietor of the bar-room, struck him with a pair of brass knuckles, and kicked him on the head and body as he lay on the floor. Hugo Swatzee, Grobe said, was a witness of the assault. Bender and Swatzee were arrested, and held for examination.

## ANOTHER CASE FOR JUDGE LYNCH.

LANCASTER, Pa., March 29.—Last evening, at seven o'clock, two tramps accomplished a fiendish outrage

on the person of a respectable young girl named Zanon, as she was proceeding from her home to church. In passing a half-finished house on High street the beasts pounced on her, felled and gagged her, and within the house each ravished and left her. After a period of insensibility the poor girl succeeded in gaining a house near, at which her sister worked, and where she now lies in a critical state of nervous prostration. This morning two men were arrested, who seem to fill the slight description the girl was able to make of her assailants, one particular of which was that they wore beards. The parties arrested were newly shaven, one carrying a razor, which is considered circumstantially against them, though it is not probable they can be identified as the guilty ones. From an unfortunate desire to hide her misfortune, she succeeded in keeping the matter quiet, while a timely arousing of the citizens might have secured the proper persons.

## AN AFRICAN WIFE-MURDERER'S EXTENSION.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., March 31.—Charles Rasch, the negro who was to have been hanged on the 28th, was respited by Governor Cobb until the 25th of next month. Meantime his counsel are moving actively to secure a commutation of his sentence to imprisonment for life. The crime for which he is to suffer was the killing of his wife, near this place, some two years ago. There were no witnesses to the act. He and his wife were in a house, near which other negroes lived. The shot was heard, and on going to the scene several witnesses found Rasch holding his wife up, while the blood gushed from her ear through an opening made by the entire discharge from an old army gun. Rasch said she attempted to pull the gun toward her by the muzzle as she sat in a chair, and accidentally discharged it. Experienced physicians examined the wound and declared it impossible that she could have been killed in that way, and this, with the previous threats and ill-treatment of his wife, satisfied the jury of Rasch's guilt. He is a defiant-looking, tall, gaunt negro of unmixed African origin. He ran off soon after committing the crime, and escaped from jail after his commitment, with two or three other negroes, who ran over the jailer as he carelessly opened the door of their cell to feed them. Rasch was at large several months, but was recaptured near the locality where the crime was committed.

## THE OLIVE GANG OF ASSASSINS ARRANGED.

HASTINGS, NEB., March 31.—Olive, Green, Baldwin and Fisher, chained together, were brought here to-day from Lincoln, Gillen and Pedro from Sutton, and Dufrene and Brown from Plum Creek. These eight are indicted for the murder of Ketchum and Mitchell, whom they are charged with hanging, burning and mutilating last December, in Custer county. They were brought under heavy guard. There being no jail in Hastings, twenty men stationed to guard them in an empty store-building in the heart of the town. Every precaution against possible escape has been taken, and fears of attempts at rescuing the prisoners have subsided. The case will be called to-morrow morning. The witnesses, attorneys, prisoners and friends are all here, ready for the trial. The prosecution are desirous of immediate trial, and claim to have positive evidence of the guilt of the accused parties. Able counsel have been retained on both sides, and a battle of Nebraska legal giants will probably ensue. The prosecution are said to have induced one of the party to turn state's evidence. The defense proposes to retort to dilatory motions, and will move for a change of venue first. It is said seventy-five citizens of Adams county have made affidavit that prejudice is so strong against the prisoners as to preclude the possibility of an impartial trial. Other motions of a similar character will follow, and every effort will be made to obtain further time. Olive is reputed to be worth \$100,000, and his relatives as much more, who will stake their last cent in the game. The state legislature appropriated \$10,000 for the prosecution of this case. Great interest is manifested in the coming trial.

## MISS SAMMIS' ALLEGED MURDERER CONVICTED.

Counsel summed up, on the 2nd, in the case of Bertha Berger, who had been on trial in General Sessions, during the past week, on a charge of causing the death of Miss Cora Sammis, of Northport, L. I., by malpractice, in February last. When Madame Berger went to the bar she appeared as unconcerned as even the most idle spectator. Her face was just as full of healthy color, her brown hair evenly parted, and her attire as carefully arranged as on the first day of her trial. Madame Berger's senior lawyer, in his summing up, vigorously accused Dr. Whitehead of perpetrating the malpractice from the effect of which Miss Sammis died. Mr. Bell, in summing up for the prosecution, dwelt upon the enormity of malpractice. He said that the men and women butchers who perpetrate it risks the terrors of the law solely for gain. How large the profits are may be inferred from the palaces in Fifth avenue that have been reared by infamous men and women. Judge Cowing, in his charge, said that he regretted to have to say that malpractice is a crime that is altogether too common in this city. Notwithstanding the great number of cases of malpractice, however, the courts are rarely occupied with the trial of any one charged with it. The trial of which they were most important participants had lasted five days, and a verdict, whether for the defendant or the state, should be given. Madame Berger began to weep as the jury filed out of the court-room. After consulting until eleven o'clock last evening, the jury convicted Madame Berger, recommending her strongly to the mercy of the court. Judge Cowing remanded her to await sentence, which may be for any period between four and twenty years. Frank Cosgrove, who was jointly indicted with Madame Berger, will probably be put on trial within a few days after Madame Berger is sentenced. It is even possible that her sentence may be deferred, so that, in the event of his conviction, they may stand side by side at the bar. Cosgrove was not used as a witness for the state in Madame Berger's trial, because, if he had been allowed to serve the state in that way, he might have earned part exemption from punishment.

## HAUNTED BY A CRIME.

Singular Revelation of a Murder Which an Inmate of an English Jail Accuses Himself of Having Perpetrated in America, to Which Confession he is Goaded by Ever-Present Visions of the Bloody Deed.

A man whose name has not yet been disclosed, but who is an inmate of an English prison, has made a curious "confession" in regard to a murder alleged to have been committed by him in this city. The confession was submitted to the American Minister in England, who forwarded it to Secretary Evarts. Secretary Evarts sent it to the Secretary of State of New York, who submitted it to District Attorney Phelps, and communicated with the Board of Coroners, and desired that an investigation should be made. The coroners have been engaged on the case, and a report of discoveries will be sent to the district attorney. The prisoner in his confession, states that he comes from a wealthy and respectable family. He had a university education, and became possessed of an independent fortune when of age. He squandered the most of his fortune in the capitals of Europe, and then came to New York. He was induced to speculate in Wall street, and in six months lost everything. He made many friends here in society, who now abandoned him because he was a beggar. He became a gambler and then a thief, and

## THE ASSOCIATE OF DESPERATE MEN.

"Early in August, 1877," he continues, "I was in an up-town gambling-house where I staked my last dollar and lost. While there I made the acquaintance of the man I murdered. His name I cannot recall. He was known to me only casually. He was a little above the medium height, with dark hair, slightly tinged with gray, and a thin growth of whiskers under his chin. It was still early in August, the date I don't exactly remember, when again I met my victim. I hadn't a cent in the world, and I was almost starving and desperate. No deed at that moment would have been too foul for me to commit. I lured him to the lower part of the city and we entered a public house near the foot of Wall street. It was about midnight. We had several drinks for which he paid. I had previously determined to rob him, thinking that he had money. Accordingly I drugged his liquor, and he became unconscious. The bar-tender thought he was intoxicated. We were in a corner by ourselves. I searched him, but ten cents was all the money he had. I took that and tried to rouse him up, but that was not an easy task. I was afraid I had given him a fatal dose and I wanted to get him out of the place. He partially recovered and I assisted him out of the saloon, and, having searched him a second time, we walked toward the South ferry, intending to cross over to Brooklyn, where I then lived. The streets were deserted and the man could not speak. I was almost mad with drink, and I

## WANTED TO GET HIM OFF MY HANDS.

When near the river front he fell down insensible on the street. I concluded that he was dead. His face was ashy pale, his eyes were glassy and his limbs were stiff. I did not know what to do. I was afraid I would be discovered in charge of what I supposed to be a corpse, and so to cover up all traces of my crime, I dragged him to a dock near Wall street and threw him into the East River. He sunk, but rose immediately, and faintly cried 'Help! Murder!' These were the last words he ever spoke. That horrible scene continually haunts me, and the cry of my victim is constantly ringing in my ears. Two weeks afterward I saw by the New York papers that the body of an unknown man had been found in the East river at the Wall street ferry. Next day I visited the morgue. I told the keeper that I was looking for a missing friend. I was shown the body of the unknown drowned man. I recognized him at a glance. I almost fainted, but managed to muster up sufficient courage to leave the place unnoticed. I could not sleep, and

## DECIDED TO FLEE THE COUNTRY.

I did, and wandered from scene to scene to try and forget that awful deed which I had committed. I will probably return and surrender myself to the proper authorities. You may hear from me soon again. Do not try to find me, for you cannot. I feel much relieved now, having truthfully told the history of that strange crime."

The records of the coroner's office were carefully searched. It was stated that the alleged murder was committed early in August, 1877, but no trace of any man having been found at the Wall street ferry at that time could be discovered. Thinking a mistake had been made in the year, the officials examined the records for the fall of 1878, and found evidence showing that on the 17th of August, 1878, the body of a man had really been found at the Wall street ferry, floating in the river, and was taken to the morgue. There it was kept for seventy-two hours, but as no one claimed it the authorities removed it for

## BURIAL TO THE POTTER'S FIELD.

A description of the man was taken and is as follows: "Unknown man, five feet seven inches in height, blue eyes, dark hair, gray-mixed dark throat whiskers. Dressed in black frock coat, faded cloth pants, and boots. The body seemed to have been in water about a fortnight. Although no money was found in the clothing, there were a great many curious papers and memoranda. None of them give any clue to his identity."

It is, of course, at present impossible to say definitely whether the man found at the Wall street ferry is the man referred to in the confession of the man now in prison in England.

The descriptions tally, and so do the dates, except the years. Who the man found on August 17, 1878, is, no one up to this stage has been able to tell. His effects are preserved, and the publicity now given to the matter may possibly lead to his identification. Mr. Townsend, of 15 Great Jones street, and the other persons whose addresses were found on the man were unable to give any information that might lead to his identification.

## Summary Dealing with a Faithless Wife.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 30.—Mr. Daniel O. Hitner married not long ago a lady named Clark, who had

been divorced from her first husband. Her step-daughters refused to live with her. Very soon after, she came home to her husband, but Hitner's son, who had been married only about a month, took matters more quietly and watched. It was not long before he was well enough satisfied of the correctness of his suspicions to put the matter in the hands of a detective, who got all the evidence that he wanted, and one day last week he visited Mrs. Hitner and told her what he knew. She tried to take a dose of prussic acid, which she had in her pocket, but he was quick enough to prevent her and comforted her into a confession. In tears she admitted everything, and then went with him to the office of an attorney, where her confession was taken down and sworn to. Not until then, so goes the story, did the son tell his father of his course. A warrant was then issued, and the result was the arrest of the lady and Thomas C. Lombard, a gentleman of high social standing in the city, and the lessee of Concert Hall. They were bound over, and the matter kept out of the papers. The detectives had evidence, not only of adultery with Lombard, but with a prominent member of the New York Assembly, and of frequent absence from home in company with these two men. It is not known if the husband intends to prosecute any further than to get testimony for divorce. The social position of the lady and the professional standing of the gentleman, have made the matter the leading topic of club talk.

## A GALLOW'S BALL.

The Weird Revels and Barbaric Voodoo Incantations With Which an Assemblage of Virginia Negroes Honored the Departure of Two of Their Fellow-Africans, who Were Hanged for a Little Murderous Eccentricity.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

NEW KENT COURT-HOUSE, Va., March 26.—This morning, at five o'clock, closed one of the most remarkable balls ever known in the history of Virginia—a gallow's ball. Yesterday two negroes, Patrick Smith and Julius Christian, were hanged for murder, and the hanging attracted hundreds from every part of the country. The negroes came in immense numbers. It was a gala day for them, and they were all in holiday attire. The field in which the men were hanged looked like a country fair. Booths were erected. An enterprising Yankee had a side show and educated pig, and itinerant musicians enlivened the occasion. After the hanging the crowds of whites went away, but the negroes hung about the field and around the shallow graves of the felons until dark. They had determined to have a ball, but according to some superstition among them it could not begin until

## AFTER THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

A large barn near the field was swept clean by hundreds of willing hands. At twelve o'clock it was crowded. On a small stage in a corner the stand for the musicians was placed, which was occupied by four banjo players and one fiddler. In the middle of the room was another stand, upon which the man who called out the figures stood. It was a weird scene. Boys stood in the corners of the room with pine-knot torches, which filled the place with black smoke, and made a murky light.

At 12:15 the festivities began. Peter Johnson, a burly tobacco hand, occupied the stand in the middle of the room, and sang out in stentorian voice: "Choose your partners." The strangely made-up orchestra struck up "The Mississippi Sawyer," a wild Ethiopian air, and the dancing began. As the music went on, the musicians and dancers grew wild and wilder, until they shouted and sang as though possessed by the devil. Such exclamations as "I could die dis moment!" "Oh, Lord, how happy I is!" and the like were heard, especially from the women. At about two o'clock Lucinda Macon, an old Voodoo negress, suddenly made her appearance in the barn. The musicians and

## DANCERS STOPPED IN TERROR.

The old hag slipped into the middle of the room, and then began a series of strange incantation scenes. The "trick" doctress was dressed in an old blue and white checkered dress, and had in her hand a large bundle, tied up in a red handkerchief. She opened it, and after muttering a lot of gibberish, in what the negroes say here was an African dialect, she said she had the rope with which the men were hanged, and that after she had touched any part of it, that piece would secure the possessor against the evil designs of any person who tricked them or poisoned them. She cut it up in small bits, and over each bit she muttered and sprinkled something from an old jug, and then she sold it for fifty cents. The rush for these pieces of rope was great. The men fought for them.

This ceremony was kept up until half past two A. M. The rope did not go around, when this became known, those who did not get a piece acted like fiends, and

## BEGGED THE HAG FOR A THREAD ONLY.

She told them that nothing else would effect the charm except small particles of the clothing in which the men were buried. A large party was then started off to the grave underneath the gallows, for the purpose of disinterring the bodies and bringing back the garments. They soon returned in horror to the ball-room, swearing that they had seen the two men who were hanged walking around the grave. The hag added to the excitement by declaring, at the top of her voice, singing out the words, that Smith and Christian had not died, because she had given them a charm. The secret is, that the visit of the dancers to the grave frightened off two resurrectionists who were after the bodies for the doctors. The dancing and singing was kept up until five o'clock. It was announced by the Voodoo doctress that all who danced at the gallows ball would be able to dance as long as they lived, no matter if they lived to be ninety-one.

## Not Satisfied With One Year.

WATSEKA, ILL., March 31.—Clem, who is charged with murder, and was last week convicted for manslaughter and sentenced to one year to the penitentiary, was to-day accorded a new trial by Judge Blades, on account of informalities in the proceedings of the trial.



## THE PRETTY PEDESTRIANS

That is, More or Less so, Who, to the Number of Eighteen, Started Out on a Six Days' Tramp

AT GILMORE'S GARDEN,

But Whose Ranks Had Sadly Dwindled Long Before the Arrival of the Sixth—A Match That was Enlivened by

### QUEER FEMALE ECCENTRICITIES.

The woman's six days walking match which began at Gilmore's Garden, on Wednesday night, 26th ult., was brought to a conclusion on the night of the 3rd inst., resulting in the victory of Madame Von Berg. The conditions of the match were that it was a six days' contest, go as you please, for the champion belt and a prize of \$1,000, the second prize to be \$500, the third \$250, and \$200 for any one covering 325 miles. They were to walk until eleven o'clock Saturday night, 29th, and then quit until five minutes after twelve on the following Monday morning. At eleven o'clock on the night of the 26th, therefore, eighteen female aspirants for pedestrian honors started off on the prospective lengthy journey. This small army of more or less fair athletes consisted of Cora Cushing, Bella Killbury, Josie Wilson, Rosa Von Klamasch, Madame La Chappelle, Miss Lola, trapezist; Bertha Von Berg, Miss Henry, Marion Cameron, Madame Franklin, Fanny Rich, Eva St. Clair, Bessie Kohn, Belle Brandon, Ada Wallace and Miss Farrand. Some of the walkers had records of two thousand or more quarter miles in as many quarter hours, but few were known to have walked any distance without frequent rests. The women were ranged in four lines. They were

#### A QUEER LOT.

Tall and short, heavy and slim, young and middle-aged, some pretty and a few almost ugly. They were attired in blue, black, red, cherry, ruby, purple, plaid, white, maroon, and other colored velvet, silk, and woolen walking dresses, some cut short and others long. Here there was a display of shapely limbs, and there an exhibition of spindles.

The number very speedily narrowed down materially. Henry and Franklin had withdrawn from the race before the first twenty-four hours was up, Henry giving up the ghost in about four hours after the start. The next forty-eight hours carried off a half-dozen more, and on the day before the finish at least four more, namely, Cushing, Mrs. Farrand, Williams and Rich, were withdrawn in a very serious condition.

At the finish at five minutes past eleven p. m., on the 2nd, only five of the original eighteen showed up. A few incidents of interest occurred on the sixth and last day. Bertha Von Berg, who was twenty miles ahead on the score, walked as steadily as she did on the first day. She was the only one in the eighteen that started who was physically equal to the six days walk.

The floor was cleared of the wrecks of the race by sending Williams to her home, and poor Farrand, who is fifty-four years of age, to Bellevue Hospital. Williams will possibly soon recover, but Farrand's case is rather serious.

The struggle in the early part of the last day was between the young woman Killbury and middle-aged Mrs. Wallace. The girl of sixteen developed

#### GREAT ENDURANCE AND PLUCK.

She gained gradually on her opponent, who vainly endeavored to shake her off, until, at about four a. m., she passed Wallace. Then there were signs of war, and nearly a collision as the rivals labored around close together. Wallace said something spiteful, being worked almost to a frenzy. At this juncture one of the managers walked with the two excited women for two or three miles, until Wallace had become subdued. It nearly broke her heart to see the younger woman take second place. The effect on Killbury was like putting new life into her. She ran at times and walked at others with vigor, except after short rests, when, for a lap or two, her locomotion was lame and painful. At one p. m., on her 325th mile, she carried a drum and beat a lively tattoo, with loud cheers for an accompaniment.

Madame Tobias walked in good form and made a fast mile occasionally; but she spent so much time in her tent that she dropped behind good-natured and plucky little Von Klamasch, who then stood fourth in the race. Von Klamasch is an Austrian. She speaks several languages fluently. Her father was a wealthy German. He gave his daughter a liberal education. She eloped with a rich Virginian, who squandered her fortune and then died, leaving her poor. They had six children, five of whom died. Unable to make a comfortable living by teaching or sewing, she undertook

#### WALKING WITHOUT SUITABLE TRAINING.

She had walked 296 miles up to ten p. m.

Tobias said she could have made a better record but for a severe cold with which she was suffering. She had already challenged Von Berg, the winner of the champion belt. Half the female walkers in the country have announced their determination to do likewise. Among them, May Marshall desires a first place.

At ten forty-five, Von Berg, Killbury, Wallace and Tobias got in line and walked abreast around the track linked arm-in-arm. There were loud cheers at this display of sisterly feeling. Little Von Klamasch, who was half a lap behind, broke into a trot and soon caught up with them. Von Berg and Killbury each took her by the arm as she came up panting, and all walked together several laps. It was the first display of good nature all around since the walk began. The band struck up Yankee Doodle, and applause ran around the entire building.

The contestants stopped walking at eleven o'clock

and twenty minutes. The score then stood: Bertha Von Berg (real name Maggie Von Gross), 372 miles; Bella Killbury, 352; Wallace, 336; Von Klamasch, 300; and Tobias, 292.

The women were called in front of the judges' stand. Von Berg was

#### PRESENTED WITH THE BELT.

This is to be held under the Astley rules, and \$1,000 cash. Killbury received \$300 and Wallace \$250. Little Von Klamasch was presented with \$55, which was partly raised by subscription. It was rumored that a gentleman who admired her courage presented her with \$200 in the afternoon.

Al. Smith, O'Leary's backer, made a bet of \$3,000 that Killbury would walk 349 miles. After winning the money, a gentleman said that he handed it over to the girl.

Tobias said, after the finish, that she did not enter the match to win anything, but merely to train and see what she could do. It was the general opinion that she was the best walker in the match.

"One of the pedestriennes is dead and another has been taken to the hospital," said Sergeant Timms, of the Thirtieth street police, late on the evening of the wind-up.

"Sergeant!" called Captain Williams from his office, "I order you to give no news to reporters. All that the law requires in this matter, I have done."

No further information could be obtained.

#### Lawlessness in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 29.—On the night of Sunday last the town of Fayetteville was entered by a mounted band of about twenty armed men. Several of them proceeded on foot to the southeast corner of the public square, where both barrels of a shot-gun, loaded with buck-shot, were discharged into a window of the Sentinel office. The party then moved deliberately by the residences of A. P. Farmer, Reuben Carter and C. L. Summers, into all of which they fired shotguns. The two parties joined near Summers' where they remounted and galloped off on the West-fork road. There is no doubt that the party was composed of the men who a week or more before had threatened the town in revenge for the death of the desperado Reed, who was killed at the jail. The state guards, after the pacific resolutions of the citizens' meeting held by Reed's friends, had disbanded, and the sudden attack in the dark found the city defenseless, hence it was unchecked. Fortunately no one was hurt. A considerable number of citizens, after their departure, armed and patrolled the town until daylight. The man Reed and the mob who created this disturbance were all of a reckless class of people who have been a terror to the law-abiding people since the early days of the war. Reed has killed several men, and frequently with his gang had ridden into town, harassing and annoying law-abiding people. Only a short time before his death he made such a foray into town, and struck the mayor on the head with a pistol, while attempting to maintain the peace. He was arrested and fined for this. The row in which he was killed, occurred shortly after. Respectable people of his own kind and party deny that politics had anything to do with his taking off.

#### A Beggar's Clever "Make-up."

Every day, on the Via Toledo, the finest and most frequented street in Naples, might have been seen an old woman, bent under the weight of years, clad in wretched mourning. She wore a tattered bonnet on her head, a thick black veil over her features, and a pair of ragged gloves on her fingers. She never spoke, but took with a kind of growl whatever small coin the passengers might vouchsafe her. The old woman's gains were twenty francs per diem; but who was she? No one could tell, and she never answered questions. A fortnight or so ago a couple of municipal guards laid hands on her, and bundling her into a cab, took her off to the Mendicant's Home. One of the female attendants stripped her, and suddenly, from the filthy, fetid envelope of rags, emerged, Cinderella-like, a lusty young woman, considerably on this side of thirty, fresh-colored, fat, and prepossessing. Her make-up was a marvel of effect. Her curved spine was "arranged" with a cord which passed around her neck and was fastened to the knee. Her hump was manufactured from a ball of rags. Her wrinkled and dirty white face was managed with imitation parchment. On inquiry it was found that this young woman was of good family, and that the gains she so cleverly earned were taken regularly home to her parents.

#### Terrible Deadly Affray in Texas.

A correspondent at Stephenville, Erath county, Tex., gives the following account of a terrible shooting affray near that place, on the 29th ult.: A writ was taken out for the arrest of one Haladay. On the night of the 29th Robertson, Keith, Ross and others went to arrest him. He resisted arrest, killed the three men above named and mortally wounded three others. Another fight followed, in which two others were killed. The sheriff and a posse started for the scene of battle, and a bloody time was expected. Five coffins were ordered. Haladay and his gang, at last accounts, were surrounded on Flat Creek and in a barricaded house. They had, it is said, whipped all who tackled them. The cause of this bloodshed was an effort to arrest Haladay for carrying a six-shooter. He had a large number of friends backing him in the fight. Flat Creek is thirteen miles west of Stephenville, which is on the frontier, not accessible by telegraph, therefore no later particulars could be obtained at this writing.

#### Shame and Suicide.

CLEVELAND, O., March 30.—Effie Hutchinson, a well-known courtesan, took fifty grains of morphine to-night at the end of a drunken spree, and will probably die before morning. She is the daughter of wealthy Pittsburg people, and was seduced several years since under a promise of marriage. Her people have made several efforts to reclaim her, but she has persisted in a career of shame. She was once very handsome, and is still young.

## FATAL INFATUATION

Of a Married Man for a Young Girl, Whose Continued Rejection of his Unlawful Suit Leads him, in a Fit of Jealous Frenzy, to the Murder of the Object of his Passion and his Own Destruction with the Same Weapon.

[Subject of Illustration.]

HARRISBURG, Pa., March 28.—The village of Dauphin, eight miles west of this city, was the scene last night of a terrible tragedy, the victims of which were Miss Hadesah Douglass, aged nineteen years, and Amos Gayman, hotel-keeper, and the head of a family consisting of a wife and three children.

Some three years since, Gayman took possession of the old Hetzell tavern on Erie street, Dauphin, his family at that time consisting of a respectable wife and three children. The victim, Hadesah Douglass, who was considered a respectable and upright girl, of prepossessing appearance and correct habits, was employed by Mr. Gayman. Amos Gayman was not possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, it seems, and recklessly took a fancy to the girl, which, from all accounts, ripened into an unwholesome love. The presence of "Dessie" Douglass in the Gayman household was the cause of considerable dissension, say the neighbors, and she therefore a year ago left the service of Gayman and went to reside with her mother in the town of Dauphin. A short time afterward she went to live in the family of Henry D. Greenawalt, a highly respectable citizen of the place, as a domestic. The young woman's

#### REPUTATION WAS NEVER QUESTIONED.

Gayman, it is alleged, however, has been intimate with Miss Douglass ever since she left his employ, frequently making it a point to meet her on the public streets, walking along and conversing with her regardless of what people might think or say. He has even expressed to his friends a sincere attachment for "Dessie" Douglass. The attachment was not reciprocated, rumor has it, as she had been receiving the attentions and thought favorably of a respectable young man named Maus.

"Dessie" had returned to the hotel a second time, at Gayman's urgent solicitation, and, upon a promise, it is alleged, to cease his importunities. No sooner was she reinstated in the hotel than Gayman followed her in such an open manner as to attract the attention of his wife, who now insisted that "Dessie" should leave the hotel, and the girl without much reluctance, it is said, accordingly left. After her departure Gayman exhibited a morose disposition and bad temper, drank entirely too much liquor, and was frequently found

#### IN AN INTOXICATED CONDITION.

Gayman had been drinking a great deal since Monday, 24th, and on the following Thursday evening he repaired to the house of a neighbor, Mr. Bickel, with whose daughter, Florence, Miss Douglass was quite intimate. He asked Mr. Bickel whether "Dessie" was in. Mr. Bickel said, "No, the girls have gone up to Mrs. Douglass' house. During further conversation Gayman stated to Mr. Bickel that he wanted Miss Douglass to live with him again; said he "would meet her, and fix the matter up, and that would end it."

Gayman left Mr. Bickel's house, walking up Erie street, with a man named Jacob Miller, and met the young ladies near Dr. John E. Umberger's residence. In his way up town he passed young Maus, Miss Douglass' lover. When the girls saw Gayman "Dessie" remarked to her friend: "Here comes Gayman—I don't want him to know me,"—and they passed on without exchanging words. Miller and Gayman kept on a short distance up the street, when the latter turned and retraced his steps, catching up to the girls, and asked of "Dessie" Douglass whether he

#### MIGHT ACCOMPANY HER HOME.

She replied, "You are your own master." Gayman then walked alongside of her, remarking, "I just met your beau." Miss Douglass replied, "I saw him, too." Gayman answered, "If he sees me with you he'll knock the head off me!" Just then, being seized with a fit of passion or jealousy, he stepped in front of "Dessie," looking her full in the face, and, drawing a five-chambered Colt's revolver from his pocket, fired at the helpless girl, the ball striking her left breast. He fired a second shot, which missed, and while the poor victim staggered Gayman walked up to her, putting the muzzle of the pistol against her right breast, and fired—the slug passing through her heart, killing her almost instantly. When the first shot was fired Miss Bickel felt her friend's arm loosing its hold upon hers, and the expression "Oh!" escaped her lips.

Gayman, like a mad or insane man, then placed the revolver against his breast and fired, the ball passing through his heart.

#### PRODUCING ALMOST INSTANT DEATH.

Miss Bickel ran to Dr. Umberger's office and gave the alarm. The doctor and W. P. Gilmer were soon on the scene. They found "Dessie" in the agonies of death, lying on the middle of the sidewalk, and Gayman was also insensible and dying at her feet. The town was soon aroused, and Gayman was conveyed to his hotel and Miss Douglass to her mother's residence. The revolver was lying in the middle of the pavement and was identified as having belonged to Gayman. The wife and children of Gayman and the widowed mother of Miss Douglass were almost frantic with grief, and the whole population of Dauphin expressed heartfelt sorrow at the awful death of a beautiful and inoffensive girl and the rash act committed by the erring and half-crazed hotel-keeper.

The jury decided that the shooting was premeditated.

#### A Sensational Southern Scandal.

The people of Lexington, N. C., are very much excited over a scandal in high life in their midst, which has culminated in a suit for abduction, seduction and breach of promise, with damages laid at \$25,000. The facts, so far as we can gather them, are about as follows: Miss Sallie Hillyard of Lexington, a very handsome girl of seventeen years, had received some marked attentions from her cousin, Alfred T. Har-

grave. Some time since he sent her to Charlottesville, Va., and followed himself in a few weeks, from thence he carried her to St. Louis and to Texas. The girl, after many trials and tribulations, arrived at her home and brought suit Hargrave. The best counsel in the state has been employed on both sides, and a bitter fight is expected.

#### THE DEVIL'S OWN.

Revolting Confession of a Young Wife to her Husband of the Incredible Crime of her Own Father.

GOSEHEN, Ind., March 20.—A most horrible and unparalleled case of incest at Middlebury has caused the greatest excitement there and in Middlebury township. The particulars are reported as follows: On the 2nd of January, 1879, Mr. Alfred G. Gross, a prominent citizen of Middlebury, was united to Miss Sarah Harper, daughter of Dr. William G. Harper, an old and wealthy farmer in Middlebury township. The old man broke up the first engagement and threatened many terrible things if they were married. Some time after, however, they were made man and wife, when the old man said he would be reconciled on condition that Gross, his son-in-law, would build a wing to his (Gross') house in Middlebury in which he could live. This Mr. Gross would not do, and believing the old man insane, he was arrested and sent to the insane asylum at Indianapolis. Soon after he was thought to be rational and was discharged. During this time Mr. Gross noticed that his wife was constantly despondent, and

#### SEEMED VERY UNHAPPY.

Mr. Gross supposed that the mental condition of his wife's father and his confinement in the asylum was the cause of her unhappiness, and endeavored to cheer her up.

She refused to be comforted, and said to her husband, "You are only too good for me," to which he replied that her family was as good as his. After the old doctor came back from the asylum he went to Gross's house one day and staid all night. The next day a brother-in-law of Mr. Gross came to him and warned him not to leave his wife with her father, but told nothing further. Gross supposed he meant probably that his wife would be in danger of being killed if left with the old man. Several evenings after, about two weeks ago, the doctor came to Mr. Gross's house and requested permission to stay again all night, which Mr. Gross refused. The next day Mr. Gross went to the house of a sister of his wife in the country, who had expressed a desire to visit with him and his wife, for the purpose of bringing her to his house in Middlebury. En route to Mr. Gross's house he said to his sister-in-law: "What is this terrible thing that is going on in my family?"

#### FOR GOD'S SAKE TELL ME.

She seemed startled at his suspicions. He saw it and replied that she need not speak, as he knew it all, his wife and her father were guilty of incest.

Soon after this his wife's sister confessed to the truth of the awful charge in the presence of Mr. Gross and others. She said she was afraid his (Gross's) wife would kill herself some time. "Why did you not tell me of this horrible affair before we were married?" asked Mr. Gross, almost crazed by the developments. "Well," replied his sister-in-law, "I thought it would never be known outside of our family; that it would blow over and that you would live happily together." Matters went along another week, when one day he went home to dinner at eleven a. m., instead of noon, as was his custom. On entering the house the servant girl said Mrs. Gross had gone up-stairs to rest and requested that no one be allowed to disturb her. More perplexed and dumbfounded than ever, Mr. Gross proceeded hastily to the room where his wife had gone. On opening the door he found his wife lying on the bed and the room smelling strongly of chloroform. On her face were two cloths saturated with the drug. Mr. Gross realized that his wife was attempting suicide, and

#### HASTILY CARRIED HER FROM THE ROOM.

A two-ounce bottle of chloroform was found in the pocket of her dress. A bottle of belladonna was found on the bureau. The fresh air soon revived his wife, and Mr. Gross appealed to her for a full confession of her mysterious actions and the cause of her attempt at suicide. She then, for the first time, made a full confession of the shocking story to her heart-broken and distracted husband. She said that from the time she was fifteen years old until the present time, she now being thirty-one years old, her father, who is now in his seventy-sixth year, has had incestuous intercourse with her, she being compelled to submit to his embraces under pain of death. Her father, she said, had told her that from the time she was seven years old he had had his eyes upon her as the victim of his lust. On reaching womanhood she had resisted him, but again he threatened to kill her and her sister, and to burn the house over their heads, and, further, that he would come to Goshen and make a full confession of his and her crimes, thus ruining both, if she made further efforts to prevent him

#### ACCOMPLISHING HIS HELLISH PURPOSE.

She stated further that her father had had criminal intercourse with her since her marriage with Mr. Gross. After making her appalling confession she requested to be taken to her father's house in the country, saying that she could not and could not ask her husband to live with her any longer; that she would consent to a separation and would make no more claims upon him. The cause of his wife's despondency and her father's visits to his house were now made plain to Mr. Gross in all its sickening details. He took her to her father's house about ten days ago. Soon after Mrs. Gross came to this city and made a full confession to parties residing here. Mr. Gross came to Goshen to-day, and applied for a divorce. The application was made at eleven a. m., and granted at three p. m., on the evidence of others and the confession of Mrs. Gross. The father of the unfortunate woman has fled, it is thought, to Ohio. Should he return now he would doubtless be hanged to a limb of the first tree, as the excitement is intense at Middlebury and vicinity. Efforts will be made to bring the old man back. In justice to the other members of Mr. Harper's family, two sons of whom reside and are engaged in business in Goshen, all of whom are of the highest respectability, it should be said that they are terror-stricken at the conduct of their father, and feel greatly outraged over it.



**A Depredator Flogged by Vigilants.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., March 30.—A man named Shepperson was taken from the residence of Lewis Full, of Turkey Fork of Little Sandy, W. Va., several days ago, by a vigilance committee, composed of fifteen or twenty men. They took him to the woods, tied him up, and then proceeded to whip him with hickory withes, until he was nearly dead. They then released him, and ordered him to leave the country within forty-eight hours under penalty of death by hanging. The committee then visited three or four



MRS. LAURA SPROULE, PRINCIPAL ACCUSING WITNESS IN THE YOUNG MURDER TRIAL, AT LURAY, MO.—SEE PAGE 3.

other suspicious parties in the neighborhood, who had made themselves obnoxious, and gave them ten days in which to make themselves scarce. Shepperson and his crowd were charged with committing the many depredations, which had made the neighboring country dangerous. Highway robbery and thieving had become so common that the people determined to take the law in their own hands, with the above result. Shepperson left for parts unknown and his followers have followed suit a little in advance of the time allowed.

**How the Old Man Bounced an Unwelcome Wooer.**

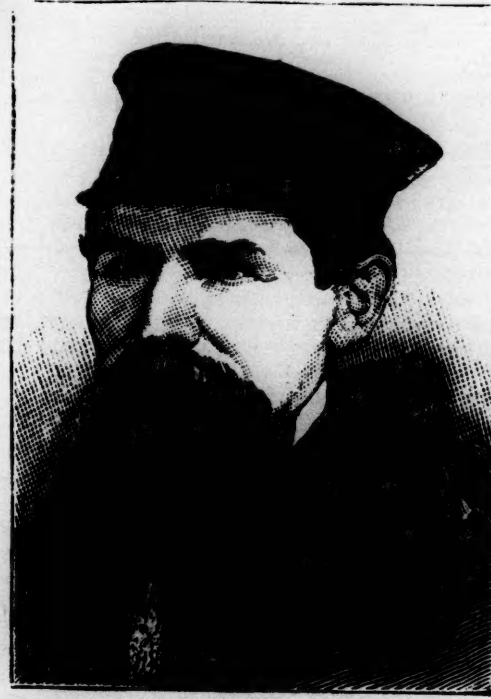
[Subject of Illustration.]

It happened on the outskirts of this village, says

**THE MASSACRE OF THE SPENCER FAMILY, IN CLARK COUNTY, MO.**

1—The Spencer residence, in which the daughters and Charles, the younger son, were butchered. 2—The stable, in which the father and the older son were murdered. 3—Lewis Spencer. 4—Miss Jane Spencer. 5—Miss Alice Spencer.—SEE PAGE 3.

the Wilkesburg (Pa.) Times. A young gentleman was courting his girl. The old folks had retired. It was drawing on to the hour "when graveyards yawn and ghosts stalk abroad," and when lovers are the most affectionate. There was a stove-pipe hole through the ceiling leading into the room where the old people slept, and while the lovers were "speeding the soft intercourse from soul to soul," interlarding it with kisses "long as my exile and sweet as my revenge," the old man arose from his couch, stole softly to the hole in the floor and peeped down upon the loving couple below. The old gentleman hadn't much love for the young man who was wooing his daughter



WILLIAM J. YOUNG, ACCUSED OF THE MURDER OF THE SPENCER FAMILY, IN CLARK COUNTY, MO.—SEE PAGE 3.

and, being annoyed night after night by their billing and cooing, he determined to break the business up. So, when they were in the midst of one of those love passages which all of us have enjoyed at some period of our lives, the old man gave vent to an unearthly yell, right above their heads. The young man bounced into the air as though some one had suddenly driven a pin up through the bottom of the chair, upset his girl into the coal-box, seized his hat and rushed from the house.

CINCINNATI, O., April 2.—Judge McNamara of Frankfort Ky., has called a special term of the Criminal Court for the trial of Thomas Buford for the murder of Judge Elliott on April 23.



HOW A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE MADE AN EXAMPLE OF SHEPPERSON, CHIEF OF A GANG OF TROUBLESOME RURAL DEPREDATORS, OF TURKEY FORK OF LITTLE SANDY, W. VA.



AMOS GAYMAN, A MARRIED MAN, IN A FIT OF JEALOUS FRENZY, MURDERS MISS DESSIE DOUGLASS, THE OBJECT OF HIS UNREQUITTED LOVE, AND KILLS HIMSELF ON THE SIDEWALK, IN DAUPHIN, PA.—SEE PAGE 11.



## KNOX KNOCKED OFF.

Hanging of the Brutal Black Perpetrator of the "Bell's Bend Murder" Horror—Remarkable Scientific Experiments With the Body of the Executed Miscreant.

[With Portrait.]

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 28.—Between twelve and fifteen thousand spectators witnessed the execution of Knox Martin this afternoon. The doomed man slept well all last night, rising at six and donning a new suit of black, a present from the doctors to whom he had willed his body. He breakfasted at nine o'clock with the Sisters of Mercy, who administered consolation. When asked by Sheriff Price how he felt, he said "all right," and asked for a glass of wine and to have his picture taken. Both requests were granted. Until to-day he refused all interviews, but about ten o'clock he called for reporters and made a full confession, differing in many respects from his previous statements. At mid-day, just after his confession with Father Vile, he was brought out of jail, placed in a large wagon and with an escort of forty police the procession started for the scaffold.

An immense crowd of three thousand, which had for hours surrounded the jail, followed. The route of two miles was filled with men, women and children. The intense heat caused great suffering. Martin spoke a word or so only. With a stove-pipe hat set jauntily on his head, he smoked a cigar and calmly watched the crowd. Just after passing a small creek almost to the scaffold, the wagon-bed gave way, and Martin dropped through to the ground. With a hearty laugh at the episode, Martin recovered his position, and soon was on the ground, eyeing the scaffold.

WITHOUT VISIBLE EMOTION.

Mounting the steps, he stood on the platform, ten feet square. For the first time he trembled.

Through the cap, while on the drop, he thanked the sheriff, while the priests offered words of reassurance and hope. With a stroke of the hatchet the rope was cut, the trap sprung, and Martin fell four and a half feet. He gave a single shudder, and hung motionless the neck having evidently been broken. At the end of ten minutes he was pronounced dead, but on account of the doctors' proposed experiments the sheriff would not cut the rope until fifteen minutes passed. As he dropped the doctors grabbed him. The rope was cut immediately, and an effort made to relieve the pressure on the spinal cord. Then he was taken up and hurried to a tent a few hundred feet distant, where he was stripped of most of his clothing. Then began a vigorous rubbing of his legs and arms, while efforts were made to restore breathing by alternate pressure and relaxation on the chest. His head was raised, and in a minute a strong galvanic battery was attached. All began to work and watch for the least signs of returning consciousness. Remarks, not expressive of the least possible chance of the doctors' success, were fully passed around, but still the medical men worked away, and the spectators craned their necks for a glance now and then at the object of so much interest.

At last conclusive twitching of the muscles of the face was noticed. Then a movement was discernable in his limbs, and finally the most remarkable and satisfactory portion of the experiment—the body

GAVE THREE DEEP DRAWN GASPS FOR AIR.

The electrodes of the battery were applied to the base of the brain and the chest. Immediately upon turning on the current the contortions of the muscles were visible. Every expression of emotion was manifested—pain, fear, anxiety, hope, delight, anger and disgust. Once the experiments seemed to offer hope of success. Artificial respiration having been kept up from the beginning the body showed signs of life in about five minutes. The pulse came back, the hands were clinched and a deep breath indicating returning vitality. The eyes opened and stared about vacantly while the muscles of the face played actively the electric influence. A very strong current was used—equivalent to fifty cells of Grove's battery. The animal heat of the body was 90 deg. at the beginning, 98½ deg. five minutes after and 99½ deg. in ten minutes.

The most interesting result of the experiment was the spontaneous erection of the head and neck of the body in the coffin. There seemed to be a perfect expression of life, and it seemed Knox Martin was

ONCE MORE A LIVING MAN.

Great excitement prevailed among the spectators, and threats of mob violence were made if the experiments proved successful.

When the muscular activity ceased under the battery, the body was carried to the medical college, where the experiments were renewed, but with no more positive result.

Suffice it to say that more was accomplished in the direction of developing vitality than ever before—the pulse having been revived and the

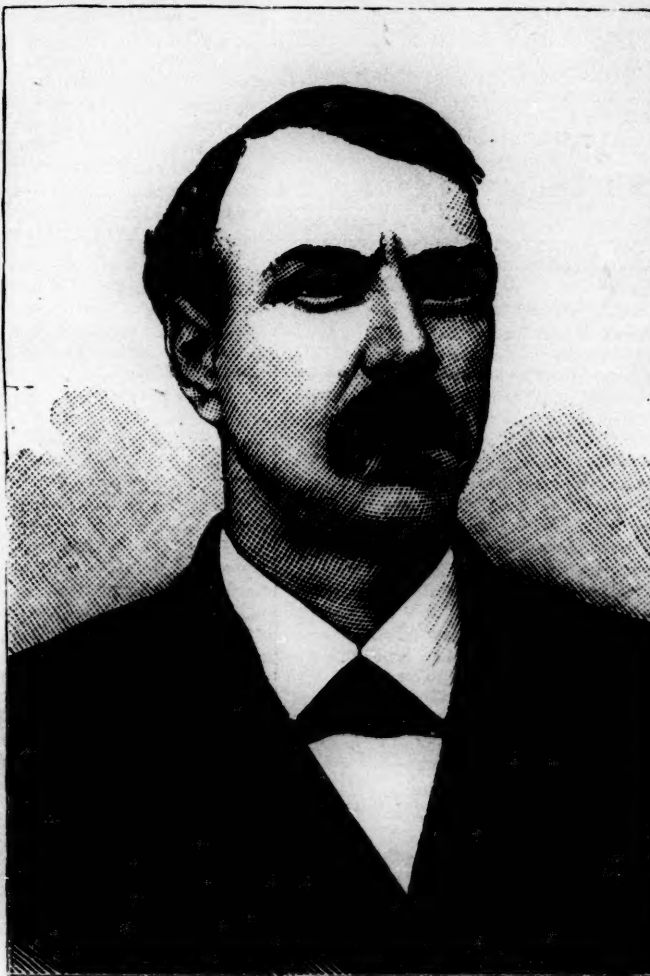


MISS EFFIE LATOUR, BURLESQUE ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 2.

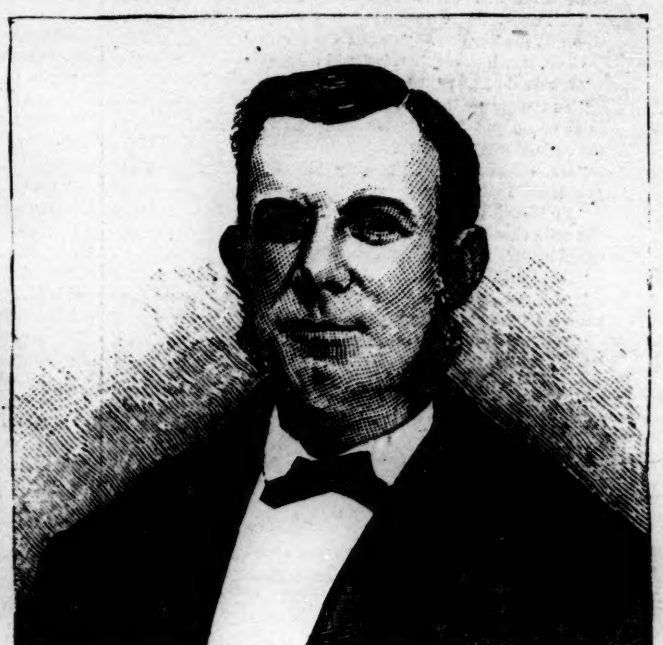
animal heat and respiration restored, with all the facial and general muscular expression of vitality. Had the surroundings been favorable, much more could have been accomplished but enough was done to show the actual possibility of developing vitality in a body in which life is presumably extinct.



E. D. CHASE, "ALIAS RUFUS POPE, ALIAS D. B. POLK, AN ALLEGED BIGAMIST, HYPOCRITE AND ABSOONER, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.



CAPTAIN THOMAS ALDERSON, OF THE COAL AND IRON POLICE, DISTINGUISHED IN THE EXTINCTION OF THE MOLLIE MAGUIRES, SHAMOKIN, PA.



HUGH DUNNING, VICTIM OF THE COWARDLY MURDER SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN COMMITTED BY THE NEGRO, RANDALL, AT ATLANTA, GA.

After the removal of the body to the college, where it was prepared for dissection according to Martin's expressed wish, the

EXCITED CROWD OF SPECTATORS DISPERSED.

Among the crowd present at the execution were John Foster and his wife, the mother and father of Mrs. Wittemmeier; James Foster and his wife, a brother and sister-in-law of the murdered woman; Nelson Foster, another brother; Mrs. Benhardt and daughter, also relatives of the deceased, and Charles Francis Wittemmeier, age eighteen months, the infant found on the dead mother's breast. The entire party were admitted inside the railing. They said they came to hear the speech of Knox Martin, and learn what Mrs. Wittemmeier said before being killed, and were greatly disappointed because Knox made no speech.

The crime for which Martin was hanged was known as the "Bell's Bend murder." On the morning of January 15th last, intelligence reached Nashville of a terrible bloody deed in the Twenty-fifth District, some ten miles or so from this city. Numerous parties left for the scene of the reported crime, and the first arrivals found a large crowd of neighbors at the house of John Wittemmeier, a German farmer living a short distance from the river bank. In a room of the house was

A HORRIBLE SIGHT.

On a bed lay Wittemmeier and his wife, bloody and lifeless. Big spots of blood were on the floor and walls, and the clothes of the two murdered persons were clotted. Those who witnessed the night describe it as the most sickening one possible. Steps were immediately taken by the excited neighbors to catch the perpetrator of the deed. Parties were sent to scour the country, and it seemed the unanimous determination to lynch the villain just as soon as he was caught. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of willful murder at the hands of an unknown person. In the examination it was brought out that the first intimation the neighbors had of the terrible crime was the appeal of one of Wittemmeier's little girls for help. The little girl had passed the night at a neighbor's house, a short distance from her home, and, returning home, found her father and mother dead. Sleeping in the same bed were two other young children, who were sleeping peacefully when the neighbors first arrived, not having been disturbed by the fearful crime during the night. Suspicion rested on two negroes, Knox Martin and George Berry. With the former Wittemmeier had had some trouble, and there had been threats on both sides. Martin was caught and soon after confessed the crime. Berry has not yet been captured.

## A Sailor's Sanguinary Quarrel.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Edward Tracey, a fireman on the Albatross, of the Anchor Line, was murdered on the morning of the 30th ult., on board that vessel by James Tobin, a ship-mate, during a drunken quarrel. The two men went on shore on the Saturday night previous and caroused at many sailors' resorts. They both got very drunk and had some words at the Anchor House, where they met some of their fellow-sailors. All hands went on board the steamer to turn in, and in the fore-cabin the fight was renewed. Officer Lally, hearing the disturbance, went on board and found about twenty men in angry commotion around the prostrate form of Tracey. They all sought to escape but the doors were fastened. The wounded man gasped twice and then died suddenly, without being able to utter a word. Beside him on the floor lay a sheath-knife covered with blood, with which he had been stabbed to the heart. Tobin admitted that he owned the weapon, but refused to say whether he had done the killing. He said he was drunk and remembered nothing about it. He was arrested and six of the sailors held as witnesses. They state that after returning to the vessel Tobin had threatened to kill Tracey, and they came to blows, but were separated twice by comrades. The men jumped out of the bunks a third time and renewed the quarrel, which ended in the death of Tracey. An inquest will be held shortly. The men were always on good terms while sober.

## Dramatic Denouement to a Forgotten Murder.

HALIFAX, N. S., March 31.—Dartmouth, a town on the eastern side of Halifax harbor, is enjoying a first-class sensation. Dr. McDonald mysteriously disappeared from Dartmouth about thirty years ago, and it was supposed at the time that he had been murdered for his money. Yesterday his skeleton was found under the flooring of the house where he had boarded with a man named Thorpe. The latter had been arrested on suspicion at the time of Dr. McDonald's disappearance, but, as no evidence was procurable, he was discharged. Thorpe is still alive in Pictou county, and will be re-arrested.



## THE PHANTOM FRIEND.

OR,

## The Mystery of the Devil's Pool.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY S. A. MACKEEVER.

Author of "PRINCE MARCO; OR, THE CHILD SLAVE OF THE ARENA," "THE NEW YORK TOMBS—ITS SECRETS AND ITS MYSTERIES," "THE S-A-M LETTERS," AND "POPULAR PICTURES OF NEW YORK LIFE."

[The Phantom Friend," was commenced in No. 67. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

## CHAPTER XVIII.

(Continued.)

A little water sprinkled on his face speedily brought Calvin to his senses. Jacques stood guard over him, while Dashington watched "Jimmy," who showed a strong inclination to be friendly.

When Calvin opened his eyes he saw all was lost. On the table were the diamonds and securities that he had stolen from the safe spread out before him. But he was smart enough to decide immediately on a course of action.

"The jig's up," he said to himself.

"Well," asked Ange, "what explanation have you to make about this property? Here's the murdered man's name in bonds and other papers. And these diamonds—they can be identified as his."

"I have nothing to say," Calvin replied. "I know nothing of them; never saw them before."

"You will at least allow me to reimburse myself for the \$25,000 I used to pay a note of Mr. Benedict's to-day."

"Do I not tell you that I have nothing to do with it. You didn't find the things on me, did you? for all I know you got them as you got the \$25,000 to take up the note. I think I'll take to diving; it seems profitable."

And as the wounded wretch said so, he laughed.

"But you will at least consent to be present at the wedding?"

"No, I won't," was the dogged reply.

"If you do not you will be arrested for seduction. Can you afford to be locked up and looked at? There are a great many people who would like to examine you at your leisure. I understand the directors of a Philadelphia bank are particularly interested in your welfare."

If Calvin was touched on a sore spot again by this speech, he did not show it. He was silent. What was passing through his brain was as follows:

"I can stand the Benedict business, with the girl firm. If I marry her, they dare not press the charge, notwithstanding the 'find' here. The marriage and the property will square things. The Philadelphia bank is ugly—how in the name of damnation did he know that? Somebody's squealed. But suppose he knows about George Webster. Suppose he has seen Lizzie!"

As this thought flashed through Calvin's mind, great drops of sweat oozed from his forehead.

"I consent, gentlemen," he answered with forced gaiety. "I must have time to fix up a bit. When is the marriage to be?"

"In two days from now," Ange answered.

"But why this delay?"

"I wish to be present, and I will be busy until then."

"Busy about what?" thought Calvin, who then said aloud:

"What is to become of me in the meantime?"

"I will take care of you, Mr. Hickman," Flick quietly remarked, taking a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.

Even the mention of his real name did not disconcert Calvin, now who had himself thoroughly in hand.

"On what charge? Have you a warrant?"

"None."

"Then my arrest is illegal."

"I know it. We have no right to make the arrest in this way. We simply chose to. You have the law as a recourse. On my word and honor, as an officer and a gentleman, I promise to consult for you with the very best lawyer in town. You would have no difficulty in procuring a *habeas corpus*."

"The law's a dangerous game," Calvin replied. "I accept your hospitality, but I understand that I am not to be proceeded against in this matter—although, as you know, if you have read the result of the coroner's inquest, I am not guilty."

By this time the handcuffs were on, and as he spoke the burglar nodded at the crisp bonds, the yellow documents and the gems that seemed a pile of glittering splendor.

"Our promise is this," said Ange, "and is founded on our desire to have the marriage take place. You will not be accused of either robbery or murder in the Benedict case. You will not be given up to the Philadelphia authorities. None of the several things that you are wanted for now will be used against you."

For a moment Calvin and the diver looked into each other's eyes. "He does not know of the Webster affair," thought the burglar. "Good: I am safe."

Then, turning to Flick, he said:

"Where do I go?"

"To Carmansville station. You will be held under a false name and for a false charge. The marriage will take place near there."

"One other thing—it is only idle curiosity. How did you know I was here?"

"You were too anxious," replied Ange, "to know about the note that fell due to-day. Your friend there, recognized by Mr. Flick, was followed home."

"Oh, Lord!" said Jimmy, staggering against the wall.

If the glance the burglar shot at his thief-friend had been a red-hot bolt the "Kid" would have been riveted.

"Fool! Idiot!" he muttered, and then turning, said, "I am ready."

The stolen property had been wrapped up and sealed with a piece of wax that Flick always carried with him. "Jimmy" was told that he could go or stay, just as he chose. He determined to go, and got out of the room and down the dark stairs so quickly, that when the party reached the pavement, there wasn't a vestige of the "Kid" anywhere.

Around the corner was a hack into which Calvin, who had been disarmed, Flick and Dashington got. The driver received his orders and started off rapidly. Calvin tauntingly exclaimed:

"Do not forget the wedding, my dear Ange."

"We will both remember it," Jules snorted back, but the rattle of the wheels drowned his voice.

Then he and Jacques turned homeward. For a long while they walked in silence. At last Jacques said, alluding to the parcel which Flick had agreed Ange should re-

tain temporarily, since he was thoroughly convinced by the note episode of the diver's honesty and fidelity:

"We have caught another big fish to-night, brother."

"Yes, a veritable gold fish."

"Did you say Miss Laura is like Miss Flora?"

"They are the image of each other."

"Then she must be beautiful," and Jacques sighed.

"You shall see her."

"Shall I? But what's the use, she is to be married."

"You don't tell me you are in love with one you have never seen?"

"I have seen her."

"Where?"

"Have I not seen Miss Flora. And having seen her in her sister's face I am in love with her, but alas, only when it is too late."

"My brother," said Jacques, "have hope. The marriage shall take place, but still have hope. I have not played my best card yet."

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE BEST CARD.

We will take the reader once more into a tenement house, a regular rookery this time, beside which the one we have just left seems a palace.

This tenement is on the extreme east side, looking out upon the water and down upon a marble yard with huge cranes and derricks standing about like gibbets, the entire effect produced being that of a grave-yard in which a score or so of malefactors have been buried after being cut down from the gibbets on which they had paid the penalty of their crimes.

It is the night succeeding the arrest of Calvin and consequently the night before the wedding.

All day long Jules has been busy arranging details. He was assisted by Jacques. They called upon Laura, and there the fate of Jacques was sealed. He had been in love with a shadow, a reflection. He saw the material being and all the inflammable nature of the young Frenchman burst into a blaze of affection.

He knew all—knew the girl's wrongs, knew of the marriage, and yet he loved Laura at sight.

Looked at calmly, there was really nothing so remarkable in this. Had he not been loving her all along, as seen in Flora.

And she, by her graciousness, by the thanks which beamed from her lovely eyes, riveted the chains every moment. When she took his hand, and bade him welcome to the house of her relative, an electric shock passed through Jacques. He could hardly breathe.

She was dressed in deep mourning. When she alluded to the payment of the note her voice trembled.

"Oh—it is you, my friend," addressing Jules, who has saved our home. Our home did I say? My home, for I am all alone now. It will not be long before I join my sister"—and her tears fell fast, welling through her fingers in sparkling drops.

Jules did not think it best to tell her all. He was firmly convinced that she knew Calvin had her father's blood upon his hands, and yet he shrank from mentioning the manner in which the property taken from the safe had been recovered.

He merely said that some of the securities and diamonds had been traced.

She turned pale, but did not speak. A terrible fear turned her face white and dilated her eyes. Then she faltered—

"But you said he would be there to-morrow night?"

"He will."

The fear gave way to a troubled look which did not leave her during the entire interview.

A portion of the truth had also been told to Flora, more in fact than Laura had been acquainted with. She knew where Calvin was. She knew of the money, as she knew of the generous action of Jules which, strange and inexplicable as it naturally was, to Laura, was only too plain to her.

She saw that Jules loved her, and the thought caused her a melancholy pleasure as she contrasted his noble, chivalric affection with the duplicity, deceit and scoundrelism of the man soon to be her brother-in-law. By the advice of Jules his mother had acquainted her with all the circumstances.

The end of the drama was approaching and they did not wish any sudden shock, for the girl was as yet prostrated by the terrible experiences through which she had passed.

She wished to make herself known to her sister, in order to comfort her, but it was not deemed advisable by the brothers who seemed to be working at the case as a dramatist would.

Evidently a grand *dénouement* was preparing. But what? Jacques did not know. He only kept saying to himself, "have hopes, my brother, I haven't played my best card yet."

Laura was in a whirl of mystery. She knew no more than that she was to be ready the next evening at seven o'clock.

That, in this direction, was the extent of information possessed in Leroy street, with one exception.

Jules, the silent the reserved, knew all, and when his mother pressed him he kissed her and said, "be patient, my mother."

They are discussing the important morrow at the diver's home as he approaches the rookery on the east side. Jacques devours Flora with his eyes, seeing only Laura, as Jules stops at the door on the top floor of the rear building and knocks.

"Come in."

A wretched hovel. On a bed in a corner lies a woman, an emaciated wretch, whose hair streams about her haggard face. She rises on one arm and shades her eyes from the lamp's light with a hand like that of a mummy.

"Ah—it is you," she says, "tell me now, how you came to find Liz Kelly."

"I found George Webster's widow, and she said that if living soul knew of the murder of her husband, for you know a body has been found and identified as his —"

"Where!" exclaimed the woman, starting up into a ghastly attitude of attention.

"In the woods near Yonkers—just across the county line. His ring and watch were on it."

"Well," she answered, falling back and staring at the ceiling.

"Mrs. Webster wishes to avenge her husband's death. You have not been lost sight of since her husband's disappearance, and will not be."

"And what do you want?" "To get even with a scoundrel who robbed me of what was very dear to me."

"You mean Alice—it was she killed George Webster."

"What is that?" exclaimed the diver, who felt the chill of horror and disappointment.

"Don't be alarmed," Liz replied, "she didn't strike the blow. She wasn't there!"

"Wasn't where?"

"In my shanty near Spuyten Duyvil—you know the road-house I used to keep."

"Yes."

"Well on that interesting night there were only three of us present—the murdered man, myself and Bill Hickman, or Calvin, as you call him. Webster was killed with a hammer?"

"By whom?"

"Well not by me, and George Webster didn't commit suicide."

"Then it was as I expected. Hickman was the assassin."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

The Private Letter-box System which is Practiced so Exclusively in New York.

## CORRESPONDENCE UNDER THE ROSE.

Places where you can have Billets (doux ou aigres) Delivered and no Questions asked.

## SOMETHING MORE ABOUT CHARLEY.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

Ordinarily, citizens in this rather extensive and certainly Parisian city conduct their correspondence in an orthodox manner. They write a letter, put it in an envelope, adjust a stamp to it and drop it in a lamp-box or the post-office proper.

Then, all in good time, the answer comes. It is received at the down-town office, if directed to a gentleman, or at his home. If the lady receives the answer, it is left at her residence or sent under care of her husband, father, brother, cousin or uncle.

Extraordinary citizens, who have "shady" correspondence, do nothing of the sort. They find the magnificent building erected at so much expense by the government of no use to them. They prefer the private post-office, which is just now a great institution. And their preference is thoroughly logical. The letters do not come to the house; they are not taken at the office. Thanks to a half-way establishment, the man or woman in the case gets them on his or her way up or down town, and no one is the wiser.

What is a private post-office?

I will proceed to tell first what it is, and then how I found out.

A private post-office is naturally one to which President Hayes does not appoint. It is very frequently a cigar store, sometimes a candy shop, but in the main you will find that a circulating library and stationery establishment does the business. Some are bold, and fly a sign "Private letter boxes to hire," but in the majority of cases there is no evidence about the places of the peculiar side-show business transacted there. You pay so much a month—a dollar generally—and the letter carrier delivers your mail. You call or send for it. The business is done.

Now for how I found out. In Bleeker street there is a very nice stationery store, presided over by a young widow with black eyes. Her husband was a tiger trainer and animal exhibitor, who, most unfortunately, went to South America with a troupe, and on the way back was eaten up in the City of Mexico by a Bengal gentleman who had been trained too fine.

Naturally enough, I buy my papers at the establishment of the widow. When you see a grief-stricken human being thrown upon her own resources, with no other capital than a stationery and news store—and a pair of black eyes—it is your duty to help her along. I even buy a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE there, although one is served at my rooms.

There's philanthropy for you—bushels of it.

To continue. One morning last week I went in to buy a paper—the *Christian at Work*, I think—and was surprised to find Mrs. Black Eyes handing to a stylishly-dressed lady five or six letters. One dropped on the floor, and, as I stooped to pick it up, I could not help noticing that it was addressed to

Mrs. EMELINE  
No. — Bleeker street,  
New York City.

The number was, of course, the number of the store in which we all stood.

Now it wasn't so much this fact that surprised me, for it was none of my business, but as I handed the letter I detected a faint perfume, radiating from the lady before me, which I thought I recognized, as I did the handwriting on the envelope.

At that moment I had a letter in my pocket traced by the same hand, which read:

DEAR PAUL:

All right now. Just had my eye painted. The firm believe I had a terrific combat with the Cincinnati students in the dissecting-room. Told Mr. Spar I had got all my aunt back except one leg. Got leave of absence and an advance to find the leg. Am a hero at the office and one of the chaps who copy letters is doing me up in a serial story to be called, "The Gory Ghoul, or, The Sacreligious Students." Do you know where a fellow could buy a female, human leg, or borrow it for a little while? Would like to take it down to the office and show the firm. Ta-ta.

"CHARLEY."

When my eyes met those of the lady, I was no longer mistaken. It was she who got upon the car, whom Charley followed, whose husband is a card player. That was the very month that Charley had kissed. How sweet and demure she looked, as she bowed her thanks and swept from the store leaving the delicious aroma of her presence upon the air.

I followed her with my eyes until the line of the houses shut her out, and then turned to the widow who was watching me curiously.

"And so you sell letters here also?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Have you got any for Paul Prowler, Esq.?"

"Not at present, but I may have. Come here."

She led the way into a back room, a cosy place with a bright fire in the grate, and pointed to a rack of pigeon holes arranged alphabetically like those on the advertising counter of a newspaper.

I saw at once. The situation of affairs was entirely clear.

"That lady who was just here has an extensive correspondence."

"I have seen her take away a dozen letters."

"Business letters, I presume?"

"Certainly—all letters on business."

I imagined that I detected just the faintest twinkle in the widow's eye, but I may have been mistaken. It wouldn't be natural for the relic of a man who was eaten up by a tiger to jest or look upon matters in a trivial way.

Just then the door of the shop opened, and the shrill whistle of the post-man was heard. He had a package of about fifteen letters which he tossed to the proprietress. She undid the bundle and sorted them in their various pigeon holes.

"Ah," she suddenly said, "there's one for my Frenchman at last."

"Who's your Frenchman?"

"A curious old chap. He lives in Dupaw Row. I don't know his business. He has been here four times this morning already. There he is, coming across the street. He has seen the post-man from that wine cellar opposite."

He was a curious old chap who reminded me of one of the eagles in the menagerie at Central Park. He stretched forth his claw and took the missive with the eagerness that betokened a gladdened heart that had been made sick by long waiting and hope deferred. He did not open the letter in the room but put it in the breast pocket of his seedy coat. Then he glided out of the store, flitted across the street and disappeared once more in the wine cellar where I saw him an hour afterward with a glass of absinthe and sugar before him.

"But why don't he have his letters sent to his home?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and answered, "if he has more correspondents than one, he does. It is the same person who sends here—a woman's hand—and it is always a foreign letter. The French post mark is Marseilles."

"I see no postal-cards in your collection?"

"You don't suppose that those who need a private post-office would have anything written to them on a postal-card. I am only a woman, you know," and she laughed heartily.

"How much is a box?"

"A dollar a month."

"I'll take one."

"Very well, Mr. Prowler. There's your receipt. Letters can be read and destroyed on the premises if necessary. That grate fire has swallowed up many a hundred of them."

I thought of all these things as I strolled toward Broadway. Here I was the proprietor of a private letter-box, and the possession filled me with pleasure. I began to feel mysterious at once. But what was I going to do with it. Such letters as I didn't get at the GAZETTE office, I got at my respectable but modest residence, where even a postal-card is safe, since the servant girl can't read.

The more I pondered on utilizing my expense of a dollar a month, the more bewildered I became. I saw that I was slowly but surely drifting into the shadowy realm of plot and counter plot. I saw myself a conspirator, a nihilist, a communist. So impressed with the importance of putting my box to immediate use was I, that I went into the Grand Central Hotel and wrote a letter to myself, disguising the hand and stating in it that the undersigned attorneys-at-law in Exchange Place, take great pleasure in informing Mr. Paul Prowler that the suit in chancery has been decided, and that \$10,000,000 sterling await the order of the aforesaid P. Prowler, Esq.

"I can at least show this letter casually to my tailor," I thought, "and that will be placing it where it will do the most good." So I addressed the envelope to the number in Bleeker street, and dropped it into the box, walking rapidly away with a guilty air.

My first step in the downward career of infamy had been taken.

The next day my letter was handed me by the pretty widow. I received it in a confused way and felt certain that she knew I had written it myself.

"You have a prompt correspondent," she said.

I am certain that I blushed as I pretended not to hear her.

As I read the magnificent news from the mythical lawyers, and almost believed that it was true, the door opened and on the April breeze there came to me that faint perfume which announced that Mrs. Emeline was at hand. I wish I could tell you in cold English type how this impalpable aroma intoxicates me. It seems to rise from the paper while I write, and as the leaves rustle from me I near the frou-frou of her skirts. It was at that moment that I conceived the idea of trying to play a practical joke on Charley. It was last Tuesday, and therefore April 1st. By adding the number of the ticket, which had been handed me by the gentlemanly Israelite, who had kindly volunteered to take care of my watch, to the date and subtracting the sum he gave me as an earnest of my honesty. I found that it was just eleven o'clock. There was still time. I knew where Charley dined. I felt certain that he had taken the pretty woman there, and therefore that she was acquainted with the locality. I waited until the heroine of the street car and French flat had gone, and then I asked the widow for two sheets of paper and two envelopes. When they were furnished me I asked my fair friend if she would write two notes for me as a particular favor.

"Ah—this letter business," she sighed, consenting. "I see you are in for it now. Go on, dictate."

Which I did as follows:

MY DARLING FRIEND:

It is necessary that I should see you this evening at seven o'clock. I will be passing the Fifth Avenue Hotel at that hour. Stand in the door—you will see me. Wear a red rose, so that I can tell by a glance that you are among the men who are always there. After I pass, you can join me on Fifth avenue.

"YOUR EMELINE."

"P. S.—You will perceive that this is not in my handwriting. I have had a friend write it. I would leave it at the Bleeker Street Post-office, but I am afraid that you will not be there until to-morrow. This must reach you."

This letter was addressed to Charley, in care of the restaurant proprietor.

The other note was to me. It ran so:

"I do not know your name, sir, except you are called Paul. The lady in charge of this post-office has told me that in the strictest confidence. I feel that you must know me, that I must know you. Since you have a box here, I take the liberty of leaving this perhaps too impudent note with the madame. Be at the Fifth Avenue Hotel at seven o'clock this p. m. I will be passing there. Wear a red rose. This is a disguised hand. Yours, E."

Did I not say I was on the downward path to infamy? Putting my own letter in my pocket, I got a coupe and drove to the restaurant.

The waiter was positive that my friend would be in for dinner. Had he been there with a lady? Yes, such a charming lady. Poor Mr. Charley! He looked frightfully bruised and battered when they first came. She petted him.

Did she? How I envied Charley. I felt personally aggrieved, and no longer looked upon my proposed action as being anything but that of an angel.

At fifteen minutes of seven o'clock I was in the Fifth Avenue Hotel looking out upon the pavement through the window to the right of the door. I wore a red rose. A gentleman with another red rose stood in the glare of the gas-light, looking up at the white face of the clock on the curb.

There is no necessity for saying who this gentleman was. The confusions had been reduced, and his painted eye showed up well in the flamboyant light. When it was almost seven I walked out slowly, and tapping Charley on the shoulder, said—

"Hello! old man. Just the fellow I want to see, but not now. Go over in that beer saloon and wait for me. I've got a leg for you—your aunts you know."

"Can't," said Charley, "I've got an engagement."

"So have I?"



## WASTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

The Shooting Scrape at the Coleman House—A Prima Donna's Horse-Shoe—Gottschalk's Personality—Mills as a "Trout" Fisher.

All the theatrical people are being turned into shooting Down in Texas they play the profession in bar-rooms, and here in New York the profession turns around and shoots outsiders. The latest affray, at the Coleman House, is a very tragic one, and it certainly gives the gospel-sharps a chance to inveigh against the stage, as compared with the pulpit.

There's Talmage, for instance. He doesn't like the theatre—not even the Buckingham Palace. There are slum objections that he can't get over. When he was young and charming—and that was certainly many years ago—he did a little theatrical business himself.

That is, he shot the falls in the Schuylkill river. Had a dam bad time, as it were. Now Talmage thinks that play-houses are no good. To tell the solid truth, and that is all I wish to tell, Talmage is a rival of the theatre. I beg pardon. He is not a rival of the theatre; he interferes with the business of the circus.

But what has this to do with the theatrical people shooting? Evidently nothing. It only refers in a mysterious way to Miss Marion Ward pistolling Washington Nathan at the Coleman House last Thursday.

In this tragedy there were two women—one more than usual. One of them acted like an idiot. That one was Miss Ward. That she is not subjected to the necessity of appearing before a jury of her countrymen is because her aim is not good.

Gottschalk, the very popular and handsome baritone, who has been singing all through the west during the past winter, is now on his way east to rest for awhile. Gottschalk is not only a handsome man, who does as handsomeness always does, but he does not let his black mustache interfere with the quality of his singing. He should be welcomed back to New York as one who is always reserved and dignified, because he has his professional reputation behind him and has to preserve it.

Gottschalk, the great pianist, was the brother of the present Gottschalk, baritone singer, and he is recognized as one of the best looking men on the operatic and concert stage. His private life is one of great envy to some of his confreres in the profession. It is one of the most placid and at the same time one of the most delightful of domestic lives. He goes out into the woods in springtime to gather flowers for his children. In the midst of his labors of the stage, in the glitter and glare of gas-light, he has one thought of home sweet home. There is one ill thing to say against Gottschalk, and that is that when he comes to New York during the vacation between his engagements he will wear that awful fur cap which may be very good as a pillow in the cars, but which is not captivating on the head of a handsome man. There is only one worse hat in New York, and that is worn by the P. I. man of the New York Herald.

And, by the way, the P. I. man swears by Gottschalk, and says that he will not go in swimming with any sort of conviviality. Now, what is the use of being the brother of the greatest pianist next to Liszt then living, if he cannot be convivial? But, if the reticence and modesty of this man do not prevent him from being Clara Louise Kellogg's favorite baritone, we have certainly nothing to say.

Clara Louise Kellogg had a silver horse-shoe which, while she had it, gave her nothing but constant ill-luck. The pretty and dignified songstress was not long in getting rid of the silver horse-shoe which had become her *bete noir*. So wherever it has gone it has found its resting-place somewhere on a nail over the door of somebody who may have good luck. In fact, Clara Louise always brings good luck wherever she comes—we will not mean any sarcasm by saying also whenever she goes. In the olden days, the shoe was thrown after a person for good luck, we hope it will not come to be the fashion that the horse-shoe will follow a person for ill-luck. A reading of books of manners and customs shows that the horse-shoe, except when it is on the hind leg of a mule, is an omen of good luck.

The other night one of the happiest combinations of talent that ever appeared in New York, was presented at Chickering Hall, in this city, and no louder and more deafening applause ever went up in this city at a concert than that which went to the top of the roof when S. B. Mills was recalled. The concert was one of the best ever given in this city, for the society which gave it is renowned in New York as the best representative of classical music here. This was an occasion when classical music had its revenge on popular music, for the quintette was one of the fairest in regard to musical criticism, as it certainly was one of the greatest for the applause it received, that has been given in the blaze of concert-giving in this city during the winter. Mr. S. B. Mills has been called a cold player. This may be called true in only a certain qualified sense. His technique is perfect. In regard to technique his is second only to Liszt. He does not belong to the lackadaisical school, that is true, but since his unfortunate calamity of a few years ago, when he had his leg broken by a frightful accident in the Catskill Mountains, he has developed a fund of sentiment which has made him turn from the pretty beauties of Mendelssohn to the finer and grander beauties of Chopin.

When Rubenstein was in this country he chose Mills as one with whom to play duettes. Mills never drops notes as Rubenstein did; he is pure and classical not only in style but in execution, also. We think he plays his own "Recollections of Home," too fast. His playing of the "Trout" in the quintette, was one of the finest things of the winter. His encores were so hearty that he replied to them in a hearty way that claimed the generous applause of the audience. Mr. Mills in his European tour won so many encomiums from the German critics that he is asked to fill an engagement there this winter; but we suppose he will find it convenient to stay here.

Christian Fritsch, one of the few of our great tenors, has been appointed the tenor of the Fifth Avenue Cathedral. We have frequently heard Mr. Fritsch with great pleasure, because in his high notes he is as sweet in tone as ever the renowned Brugnoli would care to be. But we wish that Fritsch would shave off his goatee. A basso should, if possible, wear a full beard, to give profundity to appearance. A soprano should have no beard on her face. A contralto might have a slight feminine mustache on her upper lip. A baritone should have a slight goatee, a short but dark one, in fact, on his under lip, so as to give his appearance as to toniness. A tenor should have only a mustache. The ends should turn up, to show high notes. Fritsch, who is one of the finest looking men on the stage, violates this appearance. He wears a goatee which draws his chin down. This man of the handsome face should let his sweet voice be supported not only by palms on the side-scenes, but also by the prettiest of mustaches, without a goatee.

MARQUIS DE LORNETTE.

## Green-Room Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence begin an engagement at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on Monday, 7th.

Mr. W. H. Lingard and Miss Alice Lingard are on their way to Australia, where they will produce the "Banker's Daughter."

The Josh Hart Company will open Tony Pastor's on Monday, 7th. It is one of the best novelty companies that have ever been in this city.

A telegram was received on the 3rd from Mr. Aubrey, the mayor of Marshall, Tex., stating that Mr. Barrymore is rapidly convalescing from his wound.

Still another debutante is promised in San Francisco in an Emma Fairchild, as *Julia*. Frisco can certainly boast of more debutantes than any other city in America.

It is now said to be officially announced that the Brooklyn Theatre is to be rebuilt on the ground where it formerly stood, to be ready for occupancy for next season.

The Warde-Barrymore troupe, of which the late B. C. Porter was a member, and who was assassinated in Marshall, Texas, was tendered a benefit in Dallas on the evening of the 24th ult. Result, \$800. Hall and gas-bill free.

Success still continuing to attend the representations of a "Scrap of Paper," the production of any further novelty is indefinitely postponed. A more delightful representation of a charming comedy has not been seen in many years.

Miss Ella Cummins, the lady who was with Mr. Porter when killed, was presented, on Monday, 31st ult., in Dallas, Tex., with an elegant gold and pearl neck-lace by the citizens, the Hon. J. B. Simpson making an appropriate speech.

Notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, Miss Mary Anderson filled Music Hall, Lynn, Mass., on the 28th ult., with a very select house, composed of some of the leading citizens. Lynn's verdict is that this charming young actress is without a rival.

In Lynn, Mass., the dramatic troupe connected with the G. A. R., Post 34, of Salem, Mass., performed the "Drummer Boy" on the evening of the 27th ult., to a good-sized audience, and with better success than ever before. This troupe reflects great credit on the Post.

The Brooklyn Daily Stage publishes in one issue diagrams of the different places of amusement in Brooklyn. The idea is a good one, enabling people to have always a choice of locations in the theatres and music halls, and it should be adopted by some enterprising publisher in New York.

The Aimee engagement at Booth's is for seven weeks. Abbey is the manager. The engagement was originally made for the Park Theatre, but was transferred to Booth's in consequence of his desire to continue his company in his own theatre. Moritz Gran is merely the agent, on salary, with Aimee.

The performance of a "Scrap of Paper," at Wallack's is said to compare most favorably with recent representations in London, and indeed it would be difficult to imagine a more perfect ensemble. Mr. Wallack's success in this play will induce him to make it one of the principal features in his starring tour.

Mr. C. Fritsch, the popular singer, has been engaged for the solo tenor part in the grand choir now being organized for the Catholic Cathedral in Fifth Avenue. Mr. Pecher has been decided upon as the director. If the other selections are as admirable we may expect to have in this city a choir equal to the most celebrated in Europe.

On Monday, the 7th, the Laurent-Correll troupe return to the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and open in "Trial by Jury" and "Pinafore." As quickly as it can be got ready, "Pantanza" will be produced, but will hardly be before Easter Monday. This opera bouffe will be produced with the same adaptation as that used at the California Theatre.

Miss Hawk has definitely decided not to return to America next season. She has been offered and will probably accept an engagement for a season in Madrid next fall, and for the following season she has already had an offer for a season in Milan. Neither Gerster nor Campanini have as yet signed with Col. Mapleson for next season, and it is not certain they will engage with him.

"Engaged" is being played at the Chestnut, in Philadelphia, to crowded and delighted audiences. It has passed its third week, and prospects for as many more. The manuscript of W. S. Gilbert's new comedy is expected to arrive this week. It will be produced there in advance of New York. The "Palace of Truth" is in preparation. Manager Gemmill has secured the sole right of a "Scrap of Paper" for Philadelphia.

The programme for the testimonial benefit to Colonel Mapleson at the Academy, on the night of the 4th, embraced the first act of "Il Tullimano," with Signor Campanini and Mme. Gerster; the fourth act of "La Favorita," with Mme. Roze and Signor Campanini; the first act of "La Traviata," with Signor Frapollini and Mme. Gerster, and one act of "Romeo e Giulietta," with Signor Campanini and Mme. Minnie Hawk. The Academy was packed with the numerous friends of the enterprising and successful impresario. The operatic season closed with a matinee, on the 5th, for the benefit of Mme. Gerster, who sang the role of *Amina* in "La Sonnambula," supported by Signor Campanini, Signor Poli, Mme. Lablache and the rest of Her Majesty's Opera Company.

The really great American comedy of the age, entitled "The Christian at Work; or, the Talmage Trial," is now having a successful run in Brooklyn. We do not approve of the spirit or action of this piece, and think it deserves to fall under the ban of public sentiment even more than did the "Passion Play" in San Francisco. That at least might have been composed in the spirit of reverence; this is instigated apparently by that of envy and malignity. That encircled no sacred theme or personage, with a trimming, as it were, of mirth or jocoseness; this play causes uproarious mirth in the audience when one of the leading characters expresses himself to the effect that he coincided with Mr. Talmage in the belief that he was the man raised up by Deity to publish the *Christian at Work*.

A story comes from St. Paul, Minn., to the effect that Maud Branscombe, the famous photographic actress, whose pictures are sold not only in New York and all American cities, but in London, Paris and Constantinople, has been abandoned, with her infant, in the first-named city, by a man named Mason or Maxwell. She has lived there during the winter in a state of want, having parted with all her jewelry to keep herself and her child from starvation. Mrs. Scott-Siddons, on her way across the continent to the east, lately stopped at St. Paul and betrayed to the reporters the foregoing state of affairs, adding that, while in Australia, she had met a young man to whom Miss Branscombe had been engaged before she abandoned him to go on the stage. She was commissioned by this jilted lover to find the famous beauty, and assure her of his continued friendship, and to request her, should she ever need assistance, to apply to him. The "reader" was very much shocked to find the lady she sought in such a predicament, but it is not stated what measures were taken to relieve her wants. But this pretty little story, from the St. Paul Globe, is probably all nonsense, for pretty Maud Branscombe was singing Hebe in the "Pinafore" at the Lyceum ten days ago.—*Dramatic News*.

## VICE'S VARIETIES.

FRANCES GREEN, colored, murdered her new-born child in the north-western section of Baltimore on the 1st. She smothered it, and when arrested by the police had it in a basket under some clothing. She was going out to bury it.

In the criminal court at Baltimore, Md., on the 1st, Philip Johnson, colored, was convicted of murder in the second degree, for having killed his mistress, Anna Hopkins, on the 10th of December last. He choked her to death.

On Saturday, 29th ult., at Belleflower, McLean county, Ill., a fracas occurred between W. H. McClure and R. Majors (colored), in which both men were severely injured. Majors received a severe scalp wound and McClure was stabbed in the neck, breast and hand. There is some danger of fatal results in his case.

Two young bloods of Atlanta, Ga., started out of the city on the morning of the 21st ult., to settle on the field of honor, a fight begun in a billiard-room. Quite a crowd followed through curiosity. The police caught wind of the affair and pursued. When the beligerents saw the officers they ran. One was shot, but both escaped.

ROYAL B. CONANT, charged with embezzling about \$70,000 while cashier of the Eliot National Bank, was before the United States Circuit Court, in Boston, Mass., on the 2nd, and General Butler, his attorney, moved to quash the indictment because the property embezzled was not specifically described therein. The decision of the Court had not been reached.

On the night of the 30th ult. a riot occurred at Cherry Valley, Ill. An obnoxious billiard-hall, run by John Kessler, was broken open by a mob and completely gutted, the windows being all smashed. A mob held possession of the village all night, and Justice Dunwell declared the place in a state of siege, or something tantamount to that military designation.

A GIRL named Abbie Malonge, employed at the Burns Hotel, in Rock Island, Ill., as a servant, is the mother of the babe found in the streets of Rock Island, early Saturday morning, 29th ult. The mother charges the head of a prominent family in Rock Island with being the father. The little one was put in a basket and taken to the place named by other girls at the hotel.

GEORGE REEVE, of Lowell, Mich., was arrested on the 30th ult. and lodged in jail in Grand Rapids. He is charged with assault with intent to commit rape on the person of Mrs. Irene Samuels, of Lowell. Mrs. Samuels is a mere girl, being only fifteen years old. The crime is said to have been committed in the pantry at Samuels', whither the young woman had gone to get medicine for her invalid mother. Reeves' examination will be held April 2.

FILIPPO VITALI and Giuseppe Sifula, Italians, had a fight on the evening of the 2nd, when Sifula pulled out a pistol and fired it several times at Vitali. A hand-to-hand fight then ensued, and both men ran into Mulberry street, where they were arrested. In the station-house it was found that Sifula's nose was nearly cut off. Sifula ran to the sergeant's desk, and, taking an instant, flung it at Vitali, but missed. He was seized by several officers and searched, and a razor was found in his pockets.

At Philo, Ill., on the night of the 30th ult., Jacob Morris went home drunk and began to abuse his wife, threatening to tear her heart out, whereupon she drew a large knife, stabbing him fatally, the knife penetrating the left temple about four inches, letting out his brains in a ghastly manner. The victim was an industrious and well-to-do harness-maker, but was addicted to drink, and has frequently abused his wife in a shameful manner. His wife has the sympathy of the entire community.

BEFORE the Pennsylvania Board of Pardons, at Harrisburg, on the 3rd, argument was made for life imprisonment in the case of Alexander B. Sayres, who killed his wife in a Philadelphia church nearly two years ago, on the ground that he was insane when he committed the crime, is insane now, and that if executed on the 17th, the time fixed for his hanging, he will have to be carried to the scaffold, owing to his debilitated condition. The application will probably be favorably considered.

TOM CARROLL, a notorious rough and thief, of Peoria, Ill., who has served one term in the penitentiary, and has a brother there now, was shot in that city, on the evening of the 30th ult., by Ed. D. Boise, policeman. He and two others were engaged in a boisterous quarrel on the street, and, when Boise asked them to keep quiet and orderly, they attacked him, Carroll finally placing his hand behind him on his pants pocket with a threatening oath, and then Boise drew his revolver and shot him. Carroll died on the following evening.

At Anderson, Ind., on the 31st ult., Alexander Vance was tried and received a sentence in the Circuit Court of two years in the penitentiary for rape. The crime was committed last June, some miles in the country, on Del Weaver. Miss Weaver and her lover were out for a walk, and Vance and Ed. Perry, who is now in the penitentiary for larceny, followed them, and, driving the girl's lover off, both accomplished their hellish design. The parties are all negroes. It is said the Grand Jury will have an indictment ready for Perry by the time his present term in the penitentiary is complete.

In Davis City, Decatur county, Iowa, the citizens, in view of the many crimes committed by a gang of desperadoes led by Irving Tucker and one Tarter, seized Tucker and hanged him on Monday, 31st ult. Tarter was also captured by the citizens. He said he was ready to die if he was only allowed to kill two citizens named Toplift and Frisbie, whom he had grudges against; but he was taken from the mob by officers, and placed in jail. The mob then went to a bagnio kept by Martha McLain, tore down the house and destroyed its contents. During this time the friends of Tucker and Tarter set fire to the Commercial printing office. Further trouble is feared.

A SCANDAL was occasioned in Chicago, Ill., some time ago, by the attention paid to Mrs. Henry Gelderman by Dr. Henry Meyer. The impropriety of his addresses arose from the fact that Mrs. Meyer and Mr. Gelderman had shortly before died under circumstances which, taken in connection with the subsequent conduct of the surviving ones, were deemed suspicious. The two bodies were exhumed, and, after careful analysis, just completed, large quantities of strychnine were found in the system of Mr. Gelderman, and the stomach of Mrs. Meyer was found impregnated with colchicine. The coroner's jury, on the 3rd, after hearing the testimony of the chemists, found a verdict recommending that Dr. Meyer and Mrs. Gelderman be held for murder.

THE examination of John Powers, charged with killing Captain Richard P. Barclay, of the bark Elverton, was continued on the 3rd before United States Commissioner Lyman. Two witnesses were examined, agreeing in every particular with those who testified previously as to the origin of the affray. From the testimony it would appear that it was no uncommon thing for Captain Barclay to draw a revolver upon the sailors and threaten to blow out their brains, without any provocation, and many of them believed that he had suddenly become insane. At the close of the case for the prosecution, on motion of J. W. Andrews, Jr., the charge of willful murder was dismissed. He then moved to dismiss the charge of man-

slaughter, on the ground that the examination by the prosecution had proved a case of justifiable homicide. This was argued at some length, and Commissioner Lyman said he would give a decision on the 5th.

A DESPERATE fight is reported to have occurred on the 3rd, in Tennessee, near the Alabama line, between five illicit distillers and four revenue officers, under the command of Special Deputy Collector James M. Davis. A guard was placed over the prisoners, when the three remaining officers laid their guns against a stump and went into the distillery to destroy its apparatus. Taking advantage of their absence, Luke Howard, one of the prisoners, dexterously caught the guard and held him by the arms and called to the others to go for the guns. Davis and his men heard the cry and rushed after the guns, getting to and seizing them first. The moonshiners had, in the meantime, pulled out their knives, and at once attacked the officers, who clubbed them with their guns, and protected themselves from being slashed. It was a short but desperate struggle for the mastery, but the revenue officers won, the vanquished wild catters telling them, however, that they would have to fight their way out of the neighborhood.

THE execution of Walter Watson for the murder of Ezra Compton, on the 10th of last January, took place at Newport, Ind., on the 3rd. Watson spent the night in prayer with his spiritual advisers, and signified his intention of "dying game." His wife spent the night with him. Watson mounted the scaffold with a firm tread and marked composure. A touching scene took place when the procession arrived at the scaffold. The young wife hanging on the arm of her condemned husband, cried bitterly, and when the time for her leaving came she said, "Good-by, Walter, good-by," and passionately embraced him. Sheriff Dallas read the order of execution, during which Watson called the attention of the deputy sheriff to a defect in the rope. "What have you to say?" asked the sheriff. "Nothing. Go on with the execution," replied Watson. The cap was put over his face and the noose adjusted. "May the Lord have mercy on my soul!" said Watson. At twenty-one minutes past twelve o'clock the trap fell. Not a motion of the body was visible from the time of the drop. Physicians immediately grasped his wrists and reported the pulsations. The body was cut down at three minutes to one and given to his wife. The neck was not broken, but death was caused by strangulation. Watson was twenty-seven years of age and had one child. He was conceded to be very wicked, and the murder he committed was one of the most unprovoked that has ever taken place in Indiana.

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